THE

METRICAL HISTORY

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

KNIGHT OF ELLERSLIE,

BY

HENRY,

COMMONLY CALLED

BLIND HARRY:

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WITH NOTES AND DISSERTATIONS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

"A! Fredome is a nobill thing!
"Fredome maks a man to have lykinge,
"Fredome all solace to men gives,
"He lives at ese that freely lives!

BARBOUR'S BRUS.

PERTH:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,

FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS; PERTH.

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THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK X.

Battle of Falkirk, 1298—Loſt by Diſſenſion—Wallace and Bruce Fight—Death of Graham—Wallace Kills 30,000 Engliſh—Wallace and Bruce confer—Wallace attacks the Engliſh by Night—Frees Scotland a Second Time—Goes again to France—Kills John of Lyne—Made Lord of Guienne—King Edward Conquers Scotland.

YIS Wodſtok raid into ye north gud ſpeid,
Off Scotts as yan he had bot litill dreid;
For weill he trowit for to reſkew Dunde.
Yar ſchippis com to Tay in be ye ſe.
Hys gydys ſaid, yai ſuld hym gydyn by
Santt Jhonſtoun, quhar was paſſage playnly.
Ye hycht yai tuk, and lukyt yaim about,
So war yai war off Wallace and hys rout.
In ſum part yan he ramordyt hys thocht,
Ye Kings cummaund becauſs he kepyt nocht;

Bot quhen he ſaw yair war fewar yan he,
He wald yaim byd, and oyir do or de.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay formeſt hys power ſaw,
He ſaid, zon is, yat ze ſe hyddyr draw,
Oyir Sothroune, yat cummys ſa cruellye,
Or Erle Malcom to ſek yow for ſupple.
Yan Wallace ſmyld, and ſaid, Inglis yai ar,
Ze may yaim ken rycht weill, quhar euir yai far.
On Schyrrieff-mur Wallace ye feild has tane,
With aucht thouſand, yat worthi was in wane.
Ye Sothroune was rycht douchty in yair deid,
Togyddyr ſtraik, weyll ſtuffyt in ſteyll weid.
Yan ſpers all into ſplendrys ſprent.
Ye hardy Scotts throwchout ye Sothroune went;
In redy battaill ſewyn thowſand down yai bar,
Dede on ye bent, yat recoueryt neuir mar.
With fell fechtand off wapynnys groundyn cleyn,
Blud fra byrneis was buſchyt on ye greyn.
Ye felloune ſtour, yat awfull was and ſtrang,
Ye worthi Scotts ſo felloune on yaim dang,
At all was dede within a litill ſtound,
Nayn off yat place had power for to found.
Zong Wodſtok has bath land and lyff forlorn.
Ye Scotts ſpulzied off gud ner yaim beforn,
Quhat yaim thocht beſt, off fyn harnes yai waill,
Bath gold and gud, and horſs yat mycht yaim waill.
To Stirlyng Bryg, without reſtyng, yai raid,
Or ma ſuld com, Wallace yis ordinans maid,
Paſt our ye Bryg, Wallace gert wrychts call,
He with crafts undid ye paſſage all;

Sa ya ſam folk he ſend to ye Depe-furd,
Gert ſet ye ground with ſcharp ſpykys off burd;
Bot nyne or ten he keſt a gait befor,
Langs ye ſchauld maid it both dep and ſchor.
Yan Wallace ſaid, on a ſyd we ſall be,
Zon King and I, bot gyff he ſouthwart fle.
He ſend Lawder, quhilk had in hand ye Baſs,
Langs ye coſt, quhar ony weſchel was,
And men with hym, yat wyſly couth luk,
Off ilka boyt a burd or twa out tuk.
Schyppys yai brynt off ſtrangears yat was yar;
Cetoun and he to Wallace yus yai fayr,
In Stirlyng lay apon hys purpos ſtill,
For Ingliſmen to ſe quhat way yai will.
Ye Erle Malcom Stirlyng in kepyng had,
Till hym he com with men off armes ſad,
Thre hundreth haill, yat ſekyr war and trew,
Off Lennox folk, yair power to renew.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, fra Dundaff priwaly,
Till Wallace com with a gud chewalry;
Tithands hym brocht, ye Sothroume com at hand,
In Forfychan King Edwarde was lugeand,
Stroyand ye place off purweans yat was yar,
Santt Jhonys gud for yaim yai wald nocht ſpar.
Ye gud Stewart off But com to ye land,
With hym he ledys ma yan xii thouſand,
To cumyn paſt was yan in Cummernald;
Apon ye morn bownyt ye Stewart bald,
Sone till aray with men off armes brycht,
Twentye thouſand yan ſemblyt to yair ſycht.

Ye Lord Stewart and Cumyn furth yai ryd
To ye Fawkirk and yar hecht to abyd.
Ye Scotts Chyftane yan out off Stirlyng paſt,
To ye Fawkyrk he ſped hys oft full faſt.
Wallace and hys yan till aray he zeid,
With ten thouſand off douchty men in deid.
Quha couth behald yair awfull Lordly wult,
Sa weyll beſeyn, ſo forthwart ſtern and ſtult,
Sa gud Chyftanys, as with ſa few yar beyn,
Without a King, was neuir in Scotland ſeyn.
Wallace hymſelff, and Erle Malcom yat Lord,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, and Ramſay at accord,
Cetoun, Lawdir, and Lundy, yat was wycht,
Adam Wallace to yat jornay hym dycht;
And mony gud, quhilk prewyt weyll in preſs,
Yair namys all I may nocht her reherſs.
Sothroune or yan out off Forfychan fur,
Yar paſſage maid into Slamanan-mur;
Intill a playn ſet tents and palzon,
South hald Fawkyrk, a litill aboune ye toun.
And Jop hymſelff jugyt yaim be hys ſycht,
In haill nowmyr a hundyr thouſand rycht.
Off Wallace com ye Scotts ſic confort tuk,
Quhen yai hym ſaw, all raddour yai forſuk;
For off Inwy was few yat at it wyſt,
Treſonable folk yair mattirs wyrks throw lyſt.
Poyſone ſenſyne at ye Fawkirk is cald,
Throw treſone and corruptione off ald.
Lord Cumyn had inwy at gud Wallace,
For Erle Patrik yat hapnyt apon cace,

Cunteſs

Cunteſs off Nerch was Cumyns ſyſtyr der;
Undyr colour he wrocht in yis maner,
Into ye oſt had ordand Wallace ded,
And maid Stewart with hym to fall in pled;
He ſaid, yat Lord, at Wallace had no rycht
Power to leid, and he preſent in ſycht;
He bad hym tak ye wantgard for to gy,
Sa wyſt he weill yat yai ſuld ſtryff for yi,
Lord Stewart aſt at Wallace hys cunſaill,
Said, ſchyr, ze knaw quhat may us maiſt awaill;
Zon felloune King is awfull for to byd.
Rycht unabaſyt Wallace anſuerd yat tyd,
And I haiff ſeyn ma twyſs into Scotland,
With zon ilk King, quhen Scottſmen tuk on hand.
With fewar men yan now ar hyddyr ſocht,
Yis realme agayn to full gud purpos brocht;
Schyr, we will fecht, for we haiff men inew,
As for a day, ſa yat we all be trew.
Ye Stewart ſaid, he wald ye wantgard haiff.
Wallace anſuerd, and ſaid, ſa God me ſaiff,
Yat ſall ze nocht, as lang as I may ryng,
Nor no man ellis, quhill I ſe my rycht King;
Gyff he will cum, and tak on hym ye croun,
At hys commaund I ſall be reddy boun;
Throch Godds Grace I reſkewyt Scotland twyſs,
I war to mad to leyff on ſic wyſs,
To tyn for boſt yat I haiff gouernyt lang.
Yus halff in wraith frewart hym can he gang.
Stewart yarwith all bolnyt into baill,
Wallace, he ſaid, be the I tell a taill.

Say furth, quoth he, off ye faireſt ze can.
Unhappily hys taill yus he began.
Wallace, he ſaid, yow takis ye mekill cur,
So feryt it be wyrkyng off natur,
Quhow a Howlat complend off hys fethrane,
Quhill deym natur tuk off ilk byrd but blame,
A fayr fethyr, and to ye Howlat gaiff;
Yan he throuch pryd raboytat all ye laiff.
Quhar off ſuld yi ſenzie ſchaw ſe he,
Yow thinkis nane her at ſuld yi falow be;
Yis marks it, yow ar cled with our men,
Had we our awn, yir war bot few to ken.
At yir wordis gud Wallace brynt as fyr,
Our haiſtely he anſuerd hym in ire,
Yow leid, he ſaid, ye ſuth full oft has beyn,
Yar and I baid, quhar yow durſt nocht be ſeyn
Contrar enemys, na mar, for Scotlands rycht,
Yan dar ye Howlat quhen yat ye day is brycht;
Yat taill full meit yow has tauld off yi fell,
To yi deſyr yow ſall me nocht compell;
Cumyn it is has gyffyn yis cunſaill,
Will God ze ſall off your fyrſt purpoſs faill:
Yat fals traytour, yat I off dangyr brocht,
Is wondyr lyk till bryng yis realm till nocht;
For yi ogart oyir yow ſall de,
Or in priſoun byd, or cowart lik to ſle,
Reſkew off me yow ſall get nane yis day.
Yarwith he turnd, and fra yaim raid hys way.
Ten thouſand haill fra yaim with Wallace raid,
Nan was bettyr in all yis warld ſa braid,

As off ſic men, at leiſſand was in lyff.
Allace, gret harm fell Scotland throw yat ſtryff!
Paſt till a wode fra ye Fawkyrk be eſt,
He wald nocht byd for coummaund na requeſt;
For charge off nane, bot it had beyn hys King,
At mycht yat tym bring hym fra hys etling.
Ye oyir Scotts, yat ſaw yis diſcenſioun,
For diſconford to leyff ye feild was boun;
Bot at yai men was natyff till Stewart,
Princypaill off But, tuk hardyment in hart.
Lord Stewart was at Cumyn grewyt yar,
Hecht, gyff he lyffyt, he fuld repent full ſayr
Ye gret treſpace, yat, throw, rakleſnace,
Had gert hym mak to Wallace in yat place:
For yair debait it was a gret pete,
For Ingliſmen, yan mycht na trete be,
Haiſtyt ſa faſt a battaill to ye feild,
Threty thouſand yat weill coud wappynys weild;
Erle off Harfurd was choſyn yair Chyftane.
Ye gud Stewart yan till aray is gane;
Ye feild he tuk, as trew and worthi Knycht.
Ye Ingliſmen com on with full gret mycht.
Yair fell metyng was awfull for to ſe,
At yat countour yai gert feill Sothroune de.
Quhen ſpers was ſpilt, hynt owt with ſuerds ſon,
On ayir ſyd fell douchty deid was don;
Feill on ye ground was fellyt in yat place:
Stewart and hys can on hys enemys race;
Blud byrſtyt out throuch maile and byrneis brycht.
Twentye thouſand, with dredfull wapynnys dycht,

Off

Off Sothroune men, derfly to dede yai dyng.
Ye ramanand agayn fled to yair King.
Ten thouſand yar, yat fra ye dede eſchewyt,
With yair Chyftane into ye oſt relewyt.
Agayn to ray ye hardy Stewart zeid,
Quhen Wallace ſaw yis nobill worthi deid,
Held up hys handys, with humyll prayer preſt,
To God, he ſaid, gyff zon Lord Grace to left,
And power haiff hys worſchip till attend,
To wyn yir folk, and tak ye haill commend;
Gret harm it war yat he ſuld be ourſet;
With new power yai will on hym rebet.
Be yat ye Bruce an awfull battaill baid,
And Byſchop Beik, quhill oft had been aſſayed,
Fowrty thouſand, apon ye Scotts to fayr,
With fell affer; yai raiſſit up rycht yair
Ye Bruce Banner, in Gold off Gowlis cler.
Quhen Wallace ſaw battaills approchit ner,
Ye rycht Lyon agayn hys awn kynrik,
Allace, he ſaid, ye warld is contrar lik!
Yis land ſuld be zon tyrans heretage,
Yat cummys yus to ſtroy hys awn barnage;
Sa I war fre off it yat I ſaid ayr,
I wald forſwer Scotland for euir mar;
Contrar ye Bruce I ſuld reſkew yaim now;
Or de yarfor, to God I mak a wow.
Ye gret debait in Wallace wyt can waid,
Betwix kyndnes, and willfull wow he maid.
Kyndnes hym bad reſkew yaim fra yair fa.
Yan Wyll ſaid, nay, quhy, fuyll, wald zow do ſa?

Zow

Zow has na wyt with rycht yi ſelff to leid,
Suld yow help yaim yat wald put ze to deid?
Kyndnes ſaid, zha, yai ar gud Scottſmen.
Yan Wyll ſaid, nay; werye zow may ken,
Had yai bene gud, all anys we had beyn,
Be reſon heyr ye contrar now is feyn;
For yai me hayt ma na Sothroune leid.
Kyndnes ſaid, nay, yat ſchaw yai nocht in deid;
Yocht ane off yaim be fals intill hys faw,
For cauſs off hym yow ſuld nocht loſs yaim aw;
Yai haiff done weill into zon felloune ſtour,
Reſkew yaim now, and tak a hie honour.
Wyll ſaid, yai walk haiff reft fra me my lyff,
I baid for yaim in mony ſtalwart ſtryff.
Kyndnes ſaid, help, yair power is at nocht,
Syne wreik on hym yat all ye malice wrocht.
Wyll ſaid, yis day ſall nocht helpyt be,
Yat I haiff ſaid, ſall ay be ſaid for me.
Yai ar bot dede, God grant yaim off hys Blyſs,
Inwy lang ſyne has done gret harme bot yis.
Wallace yarwith turnyt for ire in teyn,
Braith ters for baill byrſt out fra bathe hys eyn;
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, and mony worthi wycht,
Wepyt in wo for ſorow off yat ſycht.
Quhen Bruce hys battaill apon ye Scotts ſtraik,
Yair cruell com maid cowards for to quaik;
Lord Cumyn fled to Cummyrnauld away,
About ye Scotts ye Sothroune lappyt yay.
Ye men off But befor yair Lord yai ſtud,
Defendand hym, quhen fell ſtremys off blud

All yaim about in ſlothis quhar yai zeid.
Bathid in blud was Bruce ſuerd and hys weid,
Throuch fell ſlauchtyr off trew men off hys awn,
Sone to dede ye Scotts was ourthrawn;
Syn ſlew ye Lord, for he wald nocht be tayn.
Quhen Wallace ſaw quhen yir gud men was gayn,
Lords, he ſaid, quhat now is your cunſaill?
Twa choyſs yar is, ye beſt I rede us waill,
Yondyr ye King yis oft abandonand,
Heyr Bruce and Beik in zon battaill to ſtand.
Zon King in wer has wyſs and felloune beyn,
Yair Captaynes als full cruell ar and keyn,
Bettyr off hand is not leiffand I wyſs,
In tyrandry, ze trow me weill off yis,
Yan Bruce and Beik to quhat part yai beſet;
We haiff a choiſs, quhilk is full hard but let.
And we turn eſt for ſtrenth in Lowthiane land,
Yai ſtuff a chaſs rycht ſcharp I dar warrand,
Tak we ye mur, zon King is us befor,
Yar is bot yis withoutyn wordis mor.
To ye Torwode, for our ſuccour is yar,
Throuch Bruce oft forſuth fyrſt mon we far;
Amang us now yar nedis no debait,
Yon men ar dede, we will nocht ſtryff for ſtait.
Yai conſent haill to wyrk rycht as he will,
Quhat hym thocht beſt yai grantyt ro fulfill.
Gud Wallace yan yat ſtoutly couth yaim ſter,
Befor yaim raid intill hys armour cler,
Rewllyt ſpers all in a nowmyr round
And we haive Grace for to paſs throuch yaim ſound,

And few be loſt, till our ſtrenth we will ryd,
Want we mony, in faith we ſall all byd.
Ye hardnyt horſs faſt on ye gret oft raiſt,
Ze rerd at rayſs quhen ſperys in ſondyr glaid,
Duſchyt in gloſs dewyt with ſpers dynt.
Fra forgyt ſteill ye fyr flew out but ſtynt;
Ye felloune thrang quhen horſs and men remowyt,
Up draiff ye duſt quhar yai yair richts prowyt.
Ye toyir oft mycht nocht no deds ſe
For ſtour at raiſs quhill yai diſſcuyryt be.
Ye worthi Scotts aucht thouſand doun yai ber,
Few was at erd yat gud Wallace brocht yar;
Ye King cryit horſs apon yaim for to ryd,
Bot yis wyſs Lord gaiff hym cunſaill to byd.
Ye Erle off Zork ſaid, ſchyr, yow wyrk amyſs,
To brek aray, zon men quyt throuch yaim is;
Yai ken ye land, and will to ſtrenthis draw,
Tak we ye playn we ar in perell aw.
Ye King conſawit yat hys cunſaill was rycht,
Rewlyt hys oft, and baid ſtill in yair ſycht;
Or Bruce and Beik mycht retorn yair battaill,
Ye Scotts war throch and had a gret awaill.
Wallace commaund ye oft ſuld paſs yair way
To ye Torwode in all ye haiſt yai may;
Hymſelff and Grayme, and Laudir, turnyt in
Betwex battaillys, prys prowys for to wyn;
And with yaim baid in yat place hundrys thre
Off weſtland men was oyſet in jeperte,
Apon wycht horſs yat weſely coud ryd.
A ſlop yai maid quhar yai ſet on a ſyd,

Na ſpers yai had, bot ſuerdys off gud ſteill,
Yar within ſtour yai leit yair enemyſs feill.
How yai full oft had prowyt beyn in preſs,
Off Ingliſmen yai maid feill to deceſs.
Or Bruce yaroff mycht weill perſawing haiff,
Thre hundreth yar was graithyt to yair graiff.
Ye hardy Bruce ane oft abandownyt,
Twentye thouſand he rewllyt be force and wytt,
Apon ye Scotts hys men for to reſkew,
Serwyt yai war with gud ſpers enew.
And Byſchop Beik a ſtuff till hym to be,
Quhen gud Wallace yair ordinans couth ſe.
Allace! he ſaid, zon man has mekill mycht,
And our gud will till undo hys awn rycht.
He bad hys men towart hys oft to ryd,
Yaim for to ſaiff he wald behynd yaim byd.
Mekill he trowis in God, and hys awn weid,
Till ſaiff hys men he did full douchty deid.
Apon hymſelff mekill trawaill he tais
Ye gret battaill compleit apon hym gais[1]
In ye forbreyſt he retornyt full oft
Quham euir he hyt yair ſawchyng was unſoft
Yat day in warld knawyn was nocht hys maik
A Sothroune man he ſlew ay at a ſtraik
Bot hys awn ſtrenth mycht nocht agayn yai be
Towart hys oft behuffyt for to fle
Ye Bruce hym hurt at ye returnyng yair
Undyr ye hals a deip wound and a ſair.
Blude byrſtyt out braithly at ſpers length
Fra ye gret oft he fled towart hys ſtrenth

[1] Sic

Sic a flear befor was neuir ſeyn,
Not at Gaddrys off ye Gawdy fer ye keyn,
Quhen Alexander reſkewed ye Foryours,
Mycht till hym be comperd in yat hours,
Ye fell turnyng on folowars yat he maid,
How bandounly befor ye oft he raid.
Nor quhow gud Grayme with cruell hardyment,
Na how Lawdir amang yair fayis went;
How yaim allayne into yat ſtur yai ſtud,
Quhill Wallace was in ſtanchyng off hys blud.
Be yan he had ſtemmyt full weill hys wound,
With thre hundreth into ye feild can ſound,
To reſkew Grayme and Lawdir yat was wycht;
Bot Byſchope Beik com with force and ſlycht,
Ye worthi Scots weryt fer on bak,
Sewyn akyr breid, in turnyng off yair bak;
Zeit Wallace has yir twa delyueryt weill
Be hys awn ſtrenth and hys awn ſuerd off ſteill.
Ye awfull Bruce amang yaim with gret mayn,
At ye reſkew thre Scottſmen has he ſlayn:
Quham he hyt rycht, ay at a ſtraik was ded.
Wallace preyſt in yarfor to ſet rameid.
With a gud ſper ye Bruce was ſerwyt but baid,
With gret Inwy to Wallace faſt he raid,
And he till hym, aſſonzeit nocht for yi,
Ye Bruce hym myſſyt as Wallace paſſit by,
Awkwart he ſtraik with hys ſcharp groundyn glaive,
Sper and horſs crag intill ſondyr he draive.
Bruce was at erd or Wallace turned about;
Ye gret battaill off thouſands ſtern and ſtout,

Yai horſſyt Bruce with men off gret walour,
Wallace allane was in yat ſtalwart ſtour.
Grayme preſſyt in and ſtraik ane Inglis Knycht,
Befor ye Bruce apon ye baſnett brycht,
Yat freualt ſtuff, and all hys oyir weid,
Bathe bayn and brayn ye nobill ſuerd throch zeid.
Ye Knycht was dede, gud Grayme retornyt tyte.
A ſuttell Knycht yarat had gret diſpyt,
Folowyt at wait, and has perſawit weill
Graymes byrny was to narow ſum deill,
Be neth ye waiſt, yat cloſs it mycht not be,
On ye fyllat full ſternly ſtraik yat ſle,
Perſyt ye bak, in ye bowalys hym bar,
With a ſcharp ſper, yat he mycht leiff no mar.
Grayme turnyt yarwith, and ſmat yat Knycht in teyn,
Towart ye weſar, a litill beneth ye eyn.
Dede off yat dynt, to ground he duſchyt doun,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme yat ſwounyt on hys arſoune,
Or he ourcom till paſs till hys party,
Feill Sothroune men, yat was on fute hym by,
Stekyt hys horſs, yat he no furyir zeid,
Grayme zauld to God hys gud ſpreit, and hys dreid.
Quhen Wallace ſaw yis Knycht to dede was wrocht,
Ye pytuouſs payn ſo ſar thryllyt hys thocht,
All out off kynd it alteryt hys curage,
Hys wyt in wer was yan bot a wode rage.
Hys horſs hym bur in feild quhar ſo hym lyſt,
For off hymſelff as yan litill he wyſt.
Lyk a wyld beſt yat war fra reſone rent,
As witlacewy into ye oſt he went,

Dingand

Dingand on hard, quhat Sothroune he rycht hyt,
Straucht apon horſs agayn mycht neuir ſyt.
Into yat rage full feill folk he dang doun,
All hym about was reddyt a gret rowm.
Quhen Bruce perſawyt with Wallace it ſtud ſa,
He chargyt men lang ſperys for to ta,
And ſla hys horſs, ſa he ſuld nocht eſchaip.
Feill Sothroune yan to Wallace faſt can ſchaip,
Perſyt hys horſs with ſperys on ayir ſyd,
Woundys yai maid yat was bathe deip and wyd,
Off ſchaffts part Wallace in ſondyr ſchayr,
Bot fell hedys in till hys horſs left yair.
Sum wytt agayn to Wallace can radoun,
In hys awn mynd ſo rewllyt hym reſoun,
Sa for to de hym thocht it na waſſage.
Yan for to fle he tuk na taryage,
Spuryt ye horſs, quhilk ran in a gud randoun
Till hys awn folk was bydand at Carroun.
Ye ſey was in, at yai ſtoppyt and ſtud,
On loud he cryt and bad yaim tak ye flud;
Togyddyr byd, ze may nocht loſs a man.
At hys commaund ye wattir yai tuk yan.
Hym returned, ye entre for to kepe,
Quhill all hys oſt was paſſit our ye depe;
Syn paſſit our, and dred hys horſs ſuld faill,
Hymſelff hewy cled into plait off maill.
Let he couth ſwom, he trowit he mycht nocht weill;
Ye cler wattir culyt ye horſs ſum deill.
Atour ye flud he bur hym to ye land,
Syne fell doun dede, and mycht na langar ſtand.

Kerle full ſon a curſour to hym brocht,
Yan up he lap, amang ye oft he ſocht.
Grayme was away, and fyfteyn oyir wycht,
On Magdaleyn day yir folk to dede was dycht,
Threty thouſand off Ingliſmen, for trew,
Ye worthi Scotts apon yat day yai flew;
Quhat be Stewart, and ſyn be wycht Wallace,
For all hys pryce King Edwarde rewyt yat race.
To ye Torwode he bad ye oft ſuld ryd,
Kerle and he paſt apon Caroun ſyd.
Behaldand our apon ye ſouth party.
Bruce formaſt com, and can on Wallace cry.
Quhat art yow yar? A man Wallace can ſay.
Ye Bruce anſuerd, yat has yow prowyt to day.
Abyd, he ſaid, yow neds nocht now to fle.
Wallace anſuerd, I eſchew nocht for ye,
Bot yat power has yi awn ner fordon,
Amends off yis will God we ſall haiff ſon.
Langage off ye, ye Bruce ſaid, I deſyr.
Say furth, quoth he, yow may for litill hyr.
Ryd fra yat oft, gar yaim byd with Beik,
I wald fayn her quhat yow likis to ſpek.
Ye oft baid ſtyll, ye Bruce paſſyt yaim fra,
He tuk with hym bot a Scott yat hecht Ra.
Quhen yat ye Bruce out off yair heryng wer,
He turnyt in, and yis queſtion can ſper.
Quhy wyrks zow yis, and mycht in gud peſs be?
Yan Wallace ſaid, bot in defaut off ye:
Throcht yi falſheid yine awn wyt has myſkend,
I cleym na rycht, bot wald yis land defend;

At

At zow undoys throch yi fals cruell deid,
Zow has tynt twa had beyn worth far mar meid,
On yis ilk day with a gud King to found,
Na fyffe mylzon off fyneſt gold ſo round,
Yat euir was wrocht in werk or ymage brycht,
I trow in warld was nocht a bettir Knycht,
Yan was ye gud Grayme off trewth and hardement.
Ters yarwith fra Wallace eyn doun went.
Bruce ſaid, fer ma on yis day we haiff loſyt.
Wallace anſuerd, allace, yai war ewill coſyt,
Throch yi treſſon, yat ſuld be our rycht King,
Yat willfully deſtroyis yne awn offspring.
Ye Bruce aſkyt, will zow do my dewyſs?
Wallace ſaid, nay, you leyffs in ſic wyſs;
Yow wald me mak at Edwardis will to be,
Zeit had I leuir to morn be hyngyt hye.
Zeit ſall I ſay as I wald cunſaill geyff,
Yan, as a Lord, yow mycht at lyking leyff,
At yin awn will in Scotland for to ryng,
And be in peſs and hald off Edwarde King.
Off yat fals King I think neuir wage to tak,
Bot contrar hym with my power to mak.
I cleym no thing as be litill off rycht;
Yocht I mycht reiff, ſen God has lent me mycht,
Fra ye yi croun off yis regioun to wer,
Bot I will nocht ſic a charge on me ber.
Gret God waits beſt quhat wer I tak on hand
For till kepe fre yat zow art gaynſtandand.
It mycht beyn ſaid off ye lang tym beforn,
In curſyt tym yow was for Scotland born;

Schamys zow nocht, yat yow neuir zeit did gud,
Yow renygat, deuorar off yi blud;
I wow to God, ma I yi mayſtyr be
In ony feild, zow ſall fer werthar de
Yan ſall a Turk, for yi fals cruell wer,
Pagans till us dois nocht ſa mekill der.
Yan lewch ye Bruce at Wallace ernyſtfulnas,
And ſaid zow ſeis at yus ſtandis ye caſs.
Yis day zow art with our power ourſet,
Agayn zon King warrand yow may nocht get.
Yan Wallace ſaid, we ar be mekill thing
Starkar yis day in contrar off zon King,
Yan at Beggar, quhar he left many off hys,
And als ye feild; ſa ſall he do with yis,
Or de yarfor, for all hys mekill mycht;
We haiff nocht loſyt in yis feild but a Knycht,
And Scotland now in ſic perill is ſtad,
To leyff it yus myſelff mycht be full mad.
Wallace, he ſaid, it prochys ner ye nycht,
Wald yow to morn, quhen yat ye day is lycht.
Or nyn off bell, meit me at yis chapell,
Be Dunypaſs I wald haiff zour cunſell,
Wallace ſaid, nay, or yat ilk tym he went,
War all ye men hyn till ye orient
Intill a will with Edwarde, quha had ſuorn,
We ſall bargan be nyne hours to morn;
And for hys wrang reyff oyir he ſall think ſchaym,
Or de yarfor, or fle in Ingland haym.
Bot and zow will, ſon be ye hour off thre,
At yat ilk tryſt, will God zow ſall me ſe.

Quhill

Quhill I may left, yis realm ſall nocht for far.
Bruce promyſt hym with twelff Scotts to be yar,
And Wallace ſaid, ſtud zow rychtwyſs to me,
Countyr palyſs I ſuld nocht be to ye.
I ſall bryng ten, and, for yi nowmyr, ma,
I gyff no force yocht zow be freynd or fa.
Yus yai depertyt, ye Bruce paſt hys way,
Till Lithgow raid, quhill yat King Edwarde lay,
Ye feild had left, and lugyt a ſouth ye toun,
To ſouper ſet, as Bruce at ye palzoun
So entryt in, and ſaw wacand hys ſeit,
No wattir he tuk, bot maid hym to ye meit.
Faſtand he was, and had beyn in gret dreid,
Bludyt was all hys wappynys and hys weid,
Sothroune Lordis, ſcornyt hym in termys rud,
And ſaid, behald, zon Scott etts hys awn blud.
Ye King thocht ill yai maid ſic derifioun,
He bad haiff watter to Bruce off Huntyngtoun.
Yai baid hym weſche, he ſaid, yat wald he nocht.
Yis blud is myn yat hurts maiſt my thocht.
Sadly ye Bruce yan in hys mynd remordyt
Ye words ſuth yat Wallace had hym recordyt;
Yan rewyt he ſar, fra reſoun had hym knawin,
At blud and land ſuld all lyk beyn hys awin;
With yaim he was lang or he couth get away,
Bot contrar Scotts he faucht nocht fra yat day.
Lat I-ye Bruce ſayr mowit in hys entent,
Gud Wallace ſone agayn to ye oft went,
In ye Torwode quhilk had yair lugyng maid,
Fyrs yai bett yat was bathe brycht and braid;

Off

Off nolt and ſcheip yai tuk at ſufficiens,
Yaroff full ſone yai gat yaim ſuſtinens.
Wallace ſlepyt bot a ſchort quhill and raiſs,
To rewll ye oft on a gud mak he gais,
Till Erle Malcom, Ramſay and Lundy wycht,
With fyffe thouſand in a battaill yaim dycht.
Wallace, Lawdir, and Cryſtell off Cetoun,
Fyffe thouſand led, and Wallace off Ricardtoun,
Full weill arayit into yair armour cleyn,
Paſt to ye feild quhar yat ye chaſs had beyn,
Amang ye ded men ſekand ye worthiaſt,
Ye corſs off Grayme, for quham he murnyt maſt.
Quhen yai hym fand, and gud Wallace hym ſaw,
He lychtyt doun and hynt hym fra yaim aw
In armyſs, up behaldand hys paill face,
He kyſſyt hym, and cryt full oft, allace!
My beſt broyir in warld yat euir I had,
My afald freynd quhen I was hardeſt ſtad;
My hop, my heill, zow was in maiſt honour,
My faith, my help, my ſtrenthiaſt in ſtour.
In ye was wyt, fredom and hardines,
In ye was trewth, manheid and nobilnes,
In ye was rewll, in ye was gouernans,
In ye was wertew withoutyn warians;
In ye Lawte, in ye was gret largnas,
In ye gentrice, in ye was ſtedfaſtnas.
Yow was gret cauſs off wynnyng off Scotland,
Yocht I began, and tuk ye wer on hand
I wow to God, yat has ye warld in wauld.
Yi dede ſall be to Sotheroune full der ſauld.

Marytr

Martyr yow art for Scotlands rycht and me,
I ſall yow wenge, or ellis yarfor to de.
Was na man yar fra wepyng mycht hym refreyn
For loſs off hym, quhen yai ſaw Wallace pleyn.
Yai caryit hym with worſchip and dolour,
In ye Fawkyrk graithyt hym in ſepultour.
Wallace cummaundyt hys oft yarfor to byd,
Hys ten he tuk, for to meit Bruce yai ryd.
Sowth-weſt he paſt, quhar at ye tryſt was ſet,
Ye Bruce full ſon and gud Wallace is met.
For loſs off Grayme, and als for propyr teyn,
He grewyt in ire, quhen he ye Bruce had ſeyn.
Yar ſaluſyng was bot bouſtous and thrawin,
Rewis zow, he ſaid, zow ar contrar yin awin.
Wallace, ſaid Bruce, rabut me now na mar,
Myn awin deds has bet me wondyr ſar.
Quhen Wallace hard with Bruce yat it ſtud ſua,
On kneis he fell, fer contenans can hym ma;
In armes ſone ye Bruce has Wallace tane,
Out fra yair men in cunſaill ar yai gane.
I can nocht tell perfytly yair langage,
Bot yis was it yair men had off knawlage:
Wallace hym prayit, cum fra zon Sothroune King:
Ye Bruce ſaid, nay, yar latt me a thing.
I am ſo boundyn with witnes to be leill,
For all Ingland I wald nocht fals my ſeill;
Bot off a thing, I hecht to God and ye,
Yat contrar Scotts agayn I ſall nocht be;
Intill a feild, with wappynys yat I ber,
In yi purpos I ſall ye neuir der.

Gyff God grants off us our hand till haiff,
I will bot ſle my own ſelff for to ſaiff;
And Edwarde chaip, I paſs with hym agayn,
Bot I throw force be ayir tane or ſlayn.
Brek he on me quhen yat my terme is out,
I cum to ye, may I chaip fra yat dout.
Off yair cunſaill I can tell yow no mar.
Ye Bruce tuk leiff and can till Edwarde fayr,
Rycht ſad in mynd for Scottſmen yat war loſt
Wallace in haiſt prouidyt ſon hys oſt.
He maid Crawfurd ye Erle Malcom for to gyd
Ye Sauch-way till Enrawyn yai ryd,
For yar wachis ſuld yaim nocht aſpy.
Ye toyir oft hymſelff led haiſtely
Be ſouth Manwell, quhilk yat yai war betweyn,
Off ye outwatch yus chapyt yai unſeyn.
Ye Erle Malcom on Lithgow entris in,
Our haiſtely a ſtryff yai can begyn.
Wallace was nocht all to ye battaill boun,
Quhen yat yai hard ye ſcry raiſs in ye toun.
On Edwards oſt yai ſet full ſedandly,
Wallace and hys maid litill noyis or cry,
Bot occupyd with wappynys in yat ſtour,
Feill fallen was dede yat was without armour.
All diſarayit ye Inglis oſt was yan;
Amang palzons ye Scotts, quhar mony men
Cuttyt cordys, gart mony tents fall,
Nan zon zeid yan, at anys fechtand war all,
Bot Wallace oft, and Erle Malcom with mycht.
King Edwarde yan, with awfull fer on hecht,

Cryit

Cryit till aray, on Bruce, ſo ſtern and ſtout,
Twentye thouſand in armys hym about
Into harnes had biddyn all yat nycht,
Bot frayt folk ſa dulfully was dycht,
On ilk ſid yai fled for ferdnes off oyir deid,
Wallace and hys ſo rudly throw yaim zeid;
Towart ye King, and fellyt feill to ground,
Quha baid yaim yair rycht fell fechtyng has found.
Yat awfull King rycht manfully abaid
Till all hys folk gret conford he maid.
Ye worthi Scotts agayn hym in yat ſtour,
Feill Sothroune ſlew into yair fyn armour,
So forthwarlye yai preſſyt in ye thrang,
Befor ye King maid ſloppys yaim amang.
Inglis commouns yan fled on ayir ſyd,
Bot nobill men nane oyir durſt abyd.
Ye Bruce as yan to Scotts did no grewans,
A juge he was with fenzied contenans;
Sa did he neuir in na battaill ayr,
Nothyr zeit eftir, ſic ded as he ſchewd yar.
Ye Erle Malcom be yan into ye toun,
Ye Erle Herfurd to ſle yan had maid boun.
Ye Lennox men ſet yar lugyng in fyr,
Yan ferdly fled full mony Sothroune ſyr.
Ye king Edwarde, yat zeit was fechtand ſtill,
Has ſeyn yaim ſle, yat lykyt yaim full ill.
Ye worthi Scotts faſt towart hym yai preſs,
Hys brydell ner aſſayit or yai wald ceſs.
Hys Banner-man Wallace ſlew in yat place,
And ſone to ground ye Banner doun he race.

Ye Erle off Zork cunſaillyt ye king to fle,
Yan he ratornd, ſen na ſuccour yai ſe.
Ye Ingliſmen haiff ſeyn yair Banner fall,
Without comfort, to fle yai purpoſt all.
Elewyn thouſand in toun and feild was ded
Off Edwards folk, or hys ſelff left ye ſted.
Twentye thouſand away togyddyr raid,
King and Chyftanis na langar tary maid.
Ye Scotts in haiſt yan to yair horſs yai zeid,
To ſtuff ye chaſs with worthi men in weid.
Ye Lennox folk, yat wantyt horſs and ger,
Tuk yaim at will, to help yaim in yat wer;
At Stragyll raid, quhat Scott mycht formeſt pas,
Off Sothroune men quharoff gret ſlauchtyr was.
Wallace has ſeyn ye Scotts unordourly
Folow ye chaſs, he maid Chyftanys in hy
Yaim for to rewll, and all togyddir ryd,
Commaundyt yaim ilk ane ſuld oyir byd.
Into fleying ye Sothroune ſuttaill ar,
Se yai ye tym yai will ſyt on us ſar,
Feill ſcalyt folk to yaim will ſone ranew,
For ze ſe weill yat yai ar men enew;
Ye folowars was rewllyt weill with ſkill,
In gud aray yai raid all at hys will,
And ſlew doun faſt quhat Sothroune yai ourtuk;
Contrar ye Scotts com neuir maiſtrice to mak.
Into ye chaſs hai haiſtyt yaim ſo ner,
Na Ingliſmen out fra ye oft durſt ſter.
Ye frayit folk at Stragill war fleand,
Drew to ye King weill ma yan ten thouſand.

Threty thouſand in nowmyr yan war yai,
Intill aray togyddyr paſſyt away.
Feill Scotts horſs was drewyn in trawaill,
Forrown yat day ſo vikyt can defaill.
Ye Sothroune was with horſs ſerwyt full weill,
Off Wallace chaſs ye Lords had gret feill;
Off horſs yai war purwaide in gret wayn,
Ye King changyt on ſyndry horſs off Spayn.
Yan Wallace ſaid, Lords ze may weill ſe,
Zon folk ar now all yat zon King may be;
For falt off ſtuff we loiſs our mekill thing,
And we with horſs to paſs befor yis King,
We ſuld mak end off all yis lang debait,
Zeit ſum off yaim ſall handelyt be full hayt.
Part off our horſs ar haldyn freſche and wycht,
Set on yaim ſar quhill we ar in yis mycht.
Yarwith ye Scotts ſo hard amang yaim drew,
Off ye outward thre thouſand yar yai ſlew.
In Crawfurd-mur mony man was ſlayn,
Edwarde gart call ye Bruce mekill off mayn,
Yan ſaid he yus, gud Erle off Huntyngtoun,
Ze ſe ye Scotts putts feill to confuſioun,
Wald ze with men agayn on yaim raleiff,
And mer yaim anys I ſall quhill I may leiff,
Lowe zow fer mar yan ony oyir Knycht,
And for all yis ſall put zow to zour rycht.
Yan ſaid ye Bruce, ſchyr, loſs me off my band,
Yan I ſall cum, I hecht zow be my hand.
Ye King full ſone conſideryt in hys mynd,
Quhen he hard Bruce anſuer hym in ſic kynd,

Fra Ingliſmen ye Bruces hart ſet is,
Yan keſt he yus, how he ſuld mend yis myſs;
And ſo he did, in Ingland at hys will
Na Scottſman he leit with Bruce byd ſtill,
Bot quhar he paſt held hym in ſubjectioun
Off Ingliſmen, held hym in gret bandoun.
He turnyt nocht, nor na mar langage maid,
In rayit battaill ye King to Sulway raid
With mekill payn faſt apon Ingland coſt,
Fyffte thouſand in yat trawaill he loſt.
Quhen Wallace ſaw he chapyt was away,
Apon Annand agayn raturnyt yai
Till Edynburch, withoutyn tary mor,
Put in Crawfurd yat Captayne was befor;
Off heretage he had in Manweill land.
Wallace cummaund ilk man ſuld hald in hand
Yair awin office, as yai befor had had.
Yus in gud peſs Scotland with rycht be ſtad.
On ye tent day to Santt Jhoneſton, he went,
Semblyt Lords, ſyne ſchawit yaim hys entent.
Scrymgeour com, at yan had woun Dunde,
Wallace commaund yat tyme weill kepyt he.
He failzied ſo, quhill ſtrang hungyr yaim draiff,
Sa feblyſt war, ye houſs till hym yai gaiff.
Ye wageourſs ſone he put to confuſioun,
Syne brocht Morton to mak a concluſioun,
Befor Wallace, and ſone fra he hym ſaw,
He gart hyng hym, for all King Edwards aw.
Maſons, Minours, with Scrymzeour furth he ſend,
Keſt down Dunde, and yaroff maid ane end.

Wallace,

Wallace, ſadly quhen yir deds war don,
Ye Lords he calld, and hys will ſchawit yaim ſon.
Gud men, he ſaid, I was zour Gouernour,
My mynd was ſet to do zow ay honour,
And for to bryng yis realm to rychtwyſſnes;
For it I paſſyt in mony paynfull place,
To wyn our awin myſelff I neuir ſpard,
At ye Fawkyrk yai ordand me reward.
Off yat reward ze her no mor throw me,
To ſic gyfts God will full weill haiff E.
Now ze ar fre, throw ye makar off mycht,
He grant zow Grace weill to defend zour rycht.
Als I preſume, gyff harm be ordand me,
Yai ar Scottſmen at ſuld ye werkars be.
I haiff enewch off our old enemyſs ſtryff,
Me think our awn ſuld nocht inwy my lyff.
My office our her playnly I reſing,
I think no mor to tak on me ſic thing.
In France I will, to wyn my leffyng yar,
As now awyſd, and her to cum na mar.
Lords gaynſtud, bot all yat helpyt nocht,
For ony yar he did as hym beſt thocht.
Byſchop Synclar was weſyd with ſeknas
Intill Dunkell, and ſyn, throw Godds Grace
He recoueryt, quhen Wallace paſt away,
Eftir ye Bruce he laſtyt mony day.
Gud Wallace yus tuk leiff in Santt Jhoneſtone,
Auchtand with hym till Dunde maid hym boun,
Longaweill paſt, yat douchty was in deid,
Ye Barrounyſs ſone off Brachyn with hym zeid;

Twa breyir als with yair uncle yaim dycht,
Symon Wallace, and Richard yat was wycht.
Schyr Thomas Gray, yis preiſt can with yaim fair,
Edwarde Litill, gud Jop and maiſtyr Blayr.
Amang merchands gud Wallace tuk ye ſe,
Pray we to God, yat he yair ledar be.
Yai ſaylyt furth by part off Ingland ſchor,
Till Humbyr-mowth quhen at yai com befor,
Owt off ye ſouth a gret rede faile yai ſe,
Into ye top thre Leopards ſtandand hye.
Ye merchands yan, yat ſing quhen yai ſaw
Cummand ſo ner, yai war diſcumfyt aw;
For weill yai wyſt, yat it was Jhon off Lyn,
Scotts to ſlay, he ſaid, it was na ſyn.
Yir frayit folk zeid ſone to confeſſioun.
Yan Wallace ſaid, off ſic deuotioun
Zeit ſaw I neuir in no place quhar I paſt,
For yis a ſchip me think yow all agaſt.
Zon wod-catts ſall do us litill der,
We ſaw yaim faill twyſs in a grettar wer.
On a fayr feild; ſo ſall yai on ye ſe,
Dyſpyt it is to ſe yaim ſtand ſo hye.
Ye ſter man ſaid, ſchyr, will ze undirſtand,
He ſaiffs nane yat is born off Scotland.
We may nocht fle fra zon barge wait I weill,
Weyll ſtuft yai ar with gun ganze off ſteill.
Apon ye ſe zon Rewar lang has beyn,
Till rychtwyſs men he dois full mekill teyn.
Mycht we be ſaiff, it forſt nocht off our gud,
Yis wyſs he has, in ſchort, for to conclud.

A flud he bers apon hys cot armour,
Ay drownand folk ſo payntyt in figour;
Suppoſs we murn ze ſuld haiff no merwaill.
Yan Wallace ſaid, her is men off mar waill
To ſaill yi ſchip, yarfor in holl zow ga,
And yi fers na mar cummyr as ma.
Wallace and hys yan ſone till harneſs zeid.
Quhan yai war graithit into yair worthi weid,
Hymſelff and Blayr, and ye Knycht Longaweill,
Yir thre has tane to kepe ye myd ſchip weill.
Befor us ſewyn, and ſex be oft us kend,
Syn twa he cheſd ye top for to defend;
And Gray he maid yair ſterman for to be.
Ye merchands yan ſaw yaim ſa manfulle
To fend yaimſelff, becauſs yai had no weid,
Out off ye how yai tuk ſkynnys gud ſpeid,
Ay betwix twa ſtufft won as yai mycht beſt,
Agayn ye ſtraik at yai ſuld ſum part leſt.
Yan Wallace lewch, and commendyt yaim aw,
Off ſic harnes befor he neuir ſaw.
Be yan ye barge com on yaim wondyr faſt,
Sewyn ſcor in hyr, yat was no thing agaſt.
Quhen Jhon off Lyn ſaw yaim in armour brycht,
He lewch, and ſaid, yir haltyn words on hycht,
Zon glakyt Scotts can us nocht undyrſtand,
Fulys yai ar, is new cummyn off ye land.
He cryit, ſtryk, bot no anſuer yai maid.
Blayr with a bow ſchot faſt withoutyn baid,
Or yai clyppyt, he ſchot bot arowis thre,
And at ilk ſchot he gert a rewar de.

Ye bryggands yan yai bykkeryt wondyr faſt,
Amang ye Scotts with ſchot and gownnys caſt;
And yai agayn with ſpers hedyt weill,
Feill wounds maid throuch platts off fyne ſteill,
Ayir oyir feſtynyt with clippys keyn,
A cruell cowntyr yar was on ſchip burd ſeyn.
Ye derff ſchot draiff as thik as a haill ſchour
Contende yarwith ye ſpace ner off an hour.
Quhen ſchott was gayn, ye Scots gret comfort had,
At hand ſtrakys yai war ſekyr and ſad.
Ye merchands als, with ſic thing as yai mycht,
Prewyt full weill in defens off yair rycht.
Wallace and hys, at ner ſtrakys quhen yai be,
With ſcharp ſuerdis yai gert fell brygands de;
Yai in ye top ſo worthi wrocht with hand,
In ye ſouth top yar mycht na rewar ſtand.
All ye myd ſchip off rewars was maid waiſt,
Yat to gyff our yai war in poynt almaiſt.
Yan Jhon off Lyn was rycht gretly agaſt,
He ſaw hys folk failzie about hym faſt,
With egyr will he wald haiff beyn away,
Bad wynd ye ſaill in all ye haiſt yai may;
Bot fra ye Scotts yai mycht nocht yan off ſkey,
Ye clyp ſa ſar on ayir burd yai wey.
Yai ſaw nathing yat mycht be to yaim eſs,
Crawfurd on loft yair ſaill brynt in a bleſs;
Or Jhon off Lyn ſchup for to leyff yat ſted,
Off hys beſt men ſexte was brocht to ded.
Yair ſchip be ours a burd was mar off hycht,
Wallace lap in amang yai rewars wycht,

A man he ſtraik our burd into ye ſe,
On ye ourloft he flew ſone oyir thre.
Longaweill entryt, and als ye mayſtir Blayr,
Yai gaiff no gryth to frek at yai fand yar.
Wallace hymſelff with Jhon off Lyn was met,
At hys coler a felloune ſtraik he ſet,
Bathe helm and hed fra ye ſchuldris he draiff,
Blayr our burd in ye ſe keſt ye laiff.
Off hys body, and all ye remaynand
Entryt, and flew ye brygands at yai fand.
Ye ſchip yai tuk, gret gold and oyir ger
At yai reiffars had in gadryt lang in wer;
Bot mayſter Blayr ſpak nathing off hymſell,
In deid off armes quhat awentur fell.
I Thomas Gray yan preiſt to Wallace,
Put in ye buk quhow yan hapnyt yis cace
At Blayr was in, mony worthi deid,
Off quhilk hymſelff had no pleſance to reid.
Wallace rewllyt ye ſchip with hys awn men,
And ſaillyt furth ye rycht courſs for to ken;
In ye ſloice hawyn quhill yat yai entryt be,
Ye merchands weill he kepyt in ſawfte,
Off gold and ger he tuk part at yai fand,
Gaiff yaim ye ſchip, ſyne paſſyt to ye land,
Throuch Flandrys raid apon a gudly wyſs,
Entryt to France, and ſocht up to Paryſs.
Ye glaid tithing at to ye King was brocht
Off Wallace com, it comford all yair thocht.
Yai trowit be hym to get redreſs off wrang
Ye Sothroune had in Gyan wrocht ſo lang.

Ye Peryſs off France was ſtill at yair parlement,
Ye King cummaund with haill and trew entent,
Yai ſuld forſe a Lordſchip to Wallace.
Ye Lords all yan demyt off yis cace,
For Gyan was all haill owt off yair hand,
Yai thocht it beſt for to gyff hym yat land;
For weyll yai trowit yai had ſo wrocht befor,
He ſuld it wyn, or ellis de yarfor;
Alſua off it yai mycht no profit haiff.
Yis was ye cauſs to Wallace yai it gaiff.
Yis decret ſone yai ſchawit to ye King,
Diſpleſſyd he was yai maid hym ſic a thing.
Off Gyan, yus, quheh Wallace had a ſeill,
No land, he ſaid, likyt hym halff ſo weill.
My chance is yus for to be ay in wer,
And Ingliſmen has done our realm moſt der;
It was weill knawin my defens rychtwyſs yar,
Rycht haiff I her, my comfort is ye mar.
I thank your Lords maid ſic reward to me,
Yair purpoſs is I ſall nocht ydill be.
Ye King bad hym be Duk off Gyan land.
To yat cummaund Wallace was gainſtand,
Becauſs yat land was haly conquace,
He thocht to wyn erar throw Godds Grace,
Bot neuyr ye leſs ye King had maid hym Knycht,
And gaiff hym gold for to maynteine hys mycht,
Syn gaiff playn charge till hys wermen off France,
Yai ſuld be haill at Wallace ordinance;
And als off hym he bad hym armes tak.
Wallace forſuk ſic changyng for to mak;

Sen I began, I bar ye reid Lyoun,
And thinkis to be ay trewman to yat croun.
I thank yow, ſchyr, off yis mychty reward,
Zour gyft herfor ſall nocht rycht lang be ſpard,
I think to quyt ſum part ze kith on me
In your ſcheruice, or ellis yarfor to de.
Gud Wallace thocht hys tym he wald nocht waiſt,
On to ye wer he graithyt hym in haiſt;
All Scottſmen yat was into yat land,
Till hym ſocht with yair fewte and band.
Langaweill als a gret power can raiſs,
In Wallace help yis gud Knycht glaidly gais,
Ten thouſand haill off nobillmen yai war,
Ye braid Banner off Scotland diſplayit yar;
Yir wermen ſone apon Gyane yaī fur,
Brak byggyngs doun quhilk had beyn ſtark and ſtur.
Sothroune yai ſlew agayn yaim maid debait,
Braithly on breid yai raſyt fyrs hait.
Schynnoun yai tuk at Wallace fyrſt had woun,
And ſlew all men off Sothroune was yar foun.
Into yat town Wallace hys duellyng maid,
All yar about he wan ye contre braid.
Ye worthi Duk off Orliance was Lord,
Semblyt hys folk intill a gud accord,
Twelffe thouſand yan he had in armour brycht,
And thocht to help gud Wallace in hys rycht.
Leyff I yaim yus ye Duk and Wallace bathe,
And ſpek ſum part how Scotland tuk gret ſcaithe.
Ye fals Inwy, ye wykkyt fell treſoun
Amang yaimſelff brocht feill to confuſioun.

Ye Knycht Wallang in Scotland maid repayr,
Ye fals Menteth, Schyr Jhon withoutyn mar,
Betwix yaim twa was maid a priwa band,
So on a day yai mett intill Annand.
Off ye Leyn-houſs Schyr Jhon had gret deſyr.
Schyr Amer hecht he ſuld it haiff in hyr
To hald in fe, and oyir landis mo,
Off King Edwarde, ſo he wald paſs hym to.
Yus cordyt yai, and ſyn to London went,
Edwarde was glaid for to hald yat payment.
Menteth was yar bound man to yat fals King,
To furthyr hym to Scotland in all thing;
Syn paſſyt haym, and Wallang with hym fur,
Quhill he was brocht agayn our Carleill mur
King Edward yan in ire and fers outrage,
Be threty dayis raiſſyt hys barnage,
In Scotland paſt, and yar na ſtoppyng fand,
Na Chyftane yar yat durſt agayn hym ſtand.
For Menteth tald, yai thocht to mak Bruce King,
All trew Scotts wald be pleſſyd off yat thing.
Zeit mony fled and durſt nocht bid Edwarde,
Sum into Roſs, and in ye Ilis paſt part.
Ye Byſchop Synclayr agayn fled into But,
With yat fals King he had no will to mut.
Yus without ſtraik ye caſtellis off Scotland,
King Edwarde haill has tane in hys awn hand,
Deuidyt ſyne to men yat he wald lik,
Strenthis and toun to Roſs throuch yis kynryk.
Bathe hecht and waill obeyed all till hys will,
As he cummaund yai purpos to fullfill.

Ye

Ye Byſchopryks inclynyt till hys croun,
Bathe temperalite and all ye religioun.
Ye Roman, yat yan was in Scotland,
He gart be brocht, to ſchaw quhar yai yaim fand,
And, but radem, yai brynt yaim yar ilk ane;
Salyſbery oyſs our clerkis yan has tane.
Ye Lords he tuk yat wald nocht off hym hald,
In Ingland ſend full nobill blud off ald.
Schyr Wilzam Lang Douglace to London he ſend,
In ſtrang preſoune quhar throuch he maid hys end.
Ye Erle Thomas yat Lord was off Murray,
And Lord Fryſaill fra hym he ſend away,
Als Hew ye Hay, and oyir ayrs ma,
He gart Wallang with yaim in Ingland ga.
Na man was left all yis mayn land within,
Fra Edwards peſs was knawin off ony kin.
Cetoun, Lawdir, duelt ſtill into ye Baſs,
With yaim Lundy, and men yat worthi was;
Ye Erle Malcom and Cambell paſt but let,
In But ſuccour with Synclar for to get.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay and Ruwan yan fled north,
To yair cuſyng yat Lord was off Fyllorth.
Quhilk paſs with yaim throw Murray lands rycht;
Sa fand yai yar a gentill worthi Knycht
At Climace hecht, full cruell ay had beyn,
And fayndyt weill amang hys enemyſs keyn.
He thocht neuir at Edwards faith to be,
Intyll hys tym he gert feill Sothroune dé.
He led yir Lords in Roſs withoutyn mar,
At ye Stok-furd a ſtark ſtrenth byggyt yar;

Kepyt yat land rycht worthely be wer,
Till yair enemyſs yai did full mekill der.
Adam Wallace, and Lindſay off Cragge,
Away yai fled be nycht apon ye ſe,
And Robert Boyd quhilk was baith wyſs and wycht,
Arane yai tuk to fend yaim at yair mycht.
Ye Corſpatrik into Dunbar baid ſtill,
Fewte full ſone he had maid Edwarde till.
Abernethe, Lord Soullis, and Cumyn als,
And Jhon off Lorn yat lang had beyn full fals,
Ye Lord Breichyn, and mony oyir baid
At Edwards faith, for gyffts he yaim maid.
Juſteis off Peſs for twentye dayis ſet he
Off Ingliſmen in Lorn, at men mycht be
Playn to declayr; bot, for yis cauſs, I wyſs,
Yat all Scotland be conqueſs yan was hys.
Ye Lords yan, and Byſchop gud Synclar,
Sone out off But yai maid a Ballingar
To gud Wallace, tald hym yair turment haill,
Yan wrait yai yus to get help off yair baill.
Our help, our heill, our hop, our Gouernour,
Our gudly gyd, our beſt Chyftane in ſtour,
Our Lord, our luff, our ſtrenth our rychtwyſnas,
For Godds ſaik radeym anys to Grace,
And tak ye croun, till us it war kyndar,
To bruk for ay, or fals Edwarde it war.
Ye wrytt he gat, bot zeit ſuffer he wald,
For gret falſheid yat part hym dyd off ald.
Mekill dolour it did hym in hys mynd,
Off yar mysfayr, for trew he was and kynd.

He thocht to tak amends off yat wrang,
He anſuerd nocht, both in hys wer furth rang.
Off King Edwarde zeit mar furth will I meill
Into quhat wyſs yat he couth Scotland deill.
In Santt Jhonſtoune ye Erle off Zork he maid
Captayne to be off all yat landis braid,
Fra Tay to Dee, and undyr hym Butlar,
Hys Grantſchyr had at Kinclewyn endyt yar,
Hys Fadyr als, Wallace yaim bathe had ſlayn;
Edwarde yarfor maid hym a man off mayn.
Ye Lord Bewmound into ye north he ſend.
Yai Lordſchippis all yai gaiff in commend,
To Sterlyng ſyn fra Santt Jhonſtoune he went,
Yar for to fullfill ye laiff off hys entent.
Ye Lord Clyffurd he gaiff yan Douglace Daill,
Rewllar to be off ye ſouth marchis haill.
All Galloway yan he gaiff Cumyn in hand,
Wyſt nayn bot God how lang yat ſtait ſuld ſtand.
Ye gentill Lord gud Byſchop Lamyrtoun,
Off Santt Androwſs had Douglace off renoun.
Befor yat tyme Jamyſs wycht and wyſs,
Till hym was cummyn fra ſchulls off Paryſs.
A priwa fauour ye Byſchop till hym bar;
Bot Ingliſmen was ſa gret maiſtris yar,
He durſt nocht weill in playn ſchaw hym kyndnes,
Quhill on a day he tuk ſum hardenes.
Douglace he cald, and couth to Stirlyng fayr,
Quhar King Edwarde was deland lands yar.
He proferd hym into ye Kings ſcherwice
To bruk hys awn; fra he wyſt, in yis wyſs,

Douglace he was, yan he forſuk plaṅle,
Swor be Santt George, he brukis na land off me
Hys fadyr was in contrar off my croun,
Yarfor as now he bids in our preſoun.
To ye Byſchop nane oyir grant he maid,
Bot as he pleſd, delt furth yai lands braid.
To ye Lord Soullis all haill ye merſs gaiff he,
And Captane als off Berweik for to be.
Olyfant yan yat he in Stirlyng fand,
Quhen he hym had, he wald nocht kep hys band,
Ye quhilk he maid or he hym Styrlyng gaiff,
Deſaitfully yus couth he hym diſſayff.
Intill Ingland ſend hym till priſoun ſtrang,
In gret diſtreſs he lewyt yar full lang.
Quhen Edwarde King had delt all yis regioun,
Hys leyff he tuk, in Ingland maid hym boun.
Owt off Styrlyng ſouthward as yai couth ryd,
Cumyn hapnyt ner hand ye Bruce to byd.
Yus ſaid he, ſchyr, and ze couth kepe cunſaill,
I can ſchaw her quhilk may be zour awaill.
Ye Bruce anſuerd, quhateuir ze ſay to me,
As for my part ſall weill conſeillyt be.
Lord Cumyn ſaid, ſchyr, knaw zow nocht yis thing,
Yat off yis realme ye ſall be rychtwyſs King.
Yan ſaid ye Bruce, ſuppoſs I rychtwyſs be,
I ſe no tym to tak ſic thing on me.
I am haldin into my enemyſs hand,
Undyr gret ayth, quhen I com in Scotland,
Nocht part fra hym for profyt nor requeſt,
Na fer na ſtrenth, bot gyff ded me areſt.

He

He hecht agayn to gyff yis land to me,
Now fynd I weill it is bot ſutelte;
For yus zow ſeis he delys myn heretage,
To Sothroune part, and ſum to traytowris wage.
Yan Cumyn ſaid, will ze, to her, accord,
Off my landys and ze lik to be Lord,
Ze ſall yaim haiff, for zour rycht off ye croun;
Or and ze lik, ſchyr, for my waryſoune,
I ſall yow help with power at my mycht.
Ye Bruce anſuerd, I will nocht ſell my rycht;
Bot on yis wyſs, quhat Lordſchip yow will craiff
For yi ſupple, I hecht yow ſall it haiff.
Cum fra zon King, ſchyr, with ſum jeperte,
Now Edwarde has all Galloway geyffyn to me,
My neuo Soullis yat kepis Berweik toun,
At zour cummaund hys power ſall be boun.
My neuo als a man off mekill mycht,
Ye Lord off Lorn has rowme into ye rycht.
My thrid neuo a Lord off gret renoun,
Will ryſs with us off Breichin ye Barroun.
Yan ſaid ye Bruce, fayr yar ſa fayr a chance,
Yat we mycht get agayn Wallace fra France,
Be wyt and force he couth yis Kynryk wyn,
Allace, we haiff our lang beyn haldyn in twyn!
To yat langage Cumyn maid na record
Off ald deids intyll hys mynd remord.
Ye Bruce and he completyt furth yar bands,
Syn yat ſamyn nycht yai ſellyt with yair hands.
Yis Ragment left ye Bruce with Cumyn yar,
With King Edwarde haym in Ingland can far.

And yar ramaynyt quhill yis Ragment was knawin,
Thre zer and mar or Bruce perſewyt hys awin.
Sum men demys yat Cumyn yat Ragment ſend,
Sum men yarfor agaynys makis defend.
Nayn may ſay weill Edwarde was ſaklaſing,
Becauſs hys wyff was Edwards ner cuſyng.
He ſerwyt dede be rycht law off hys King,
So raklyſly myſkepyt ſic a thing.
Had Bruce paſt by but baid to Santt Jhonſtoun,
Be haill aſſent he had raſawit ye croun;
On Cumyn ſyne he mycht haiff done ye law,
He couth nocht thoill fra tym yat he hym ſaw.
Yus Scotland left in hard perplexite,
Off Wallace mar in ſum part ſpek will we.

EXPLICIT DECIMUS PASSUS
ET INCIPIT UNDECIMUS PASSUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK XI.

Wallace Conquers Guienne—Kills two Champions—And a Lion—Returns to Scotland—Fights at Elcho Park—Kills Butler—And Five Men in a Foreſt in Lorn—Adventure at Rannoch Hall—Met by Several—Drives Beaumont from Aberdeen—Beſieges Perth—Vallance engages Menteith to Betray Wallace—Edward Bruce in Scotland—Wallace Betrayed at Glaſgow—Viſion of a Monk concerning him—Beheaded at London.

YE ſayr trawaill, ye ernyſtfull beſynes,
Ye feill labour had in mony place,
To wyn ye land at ye gud King hym gaiff,
Intill hys ryng he wald no Sothroune ſaiff
In Gyan land Wallace was ſtill at wer,
Off Scotlands loſs it did hys hart gret der;
Off trew Scotts in mynd he had pete,
He thocht to help quhen hys tym mycht ſe.
Off ſet battaillis fyffe he diſcumfyt haill,
Bot jeperte, and mony ſtrang aſſaill;

Syn yai forſuk, and durſt hym nocht abid,
Ye Sothroune fled fra hym on ayir ſid
To Burdeouſs in gret multiplye,
Yan com yai ſtufft with wittaill be ye ſe.
All Gyan land Wallace brocht till hys peſs,
To Burdeouſs zet he paſt or he wald ceſs.
On our byggyngs full gret maiſtyr yai maid,
Still ſaxte dayis at ſar ſailzie yai baid.
Fortrace and werk yat was without ye toun,
Yai brak and brynt and put to confuſioun.
Hage, alais, be lawbour yat was yar,
Fulzeit and ſpilt, yai wald na froit ſpar.
Ye Ingliſmen maid gret defens agayn
With ſchot and caſt, for yai war mekill off mayn;
Off gownnys yai war and ganzies ſtuffyt weill,
All artailze and wappynys off fyn ſteill,
With men and meit within war buſkyt beyn;
Yair gret Captayne was wyſs, cruell and keyn.
Off Gloſyſtyr yat huge Lord and her,
Yis Erle had beyn weill uſyt into wer,
Kepyt hys men with wytt and hardement,
Without ye toun yar durſt nane fra hym went.
Ye lands without wer ner waiſtyt away,
Wermen ſa lang into ye contre lay.
In Wallace oft ſo ſcantyt ye wittaill,
Yai mycht not byd langar till aſſaill.
Yan yis wyſs Lord ye Duk off Orleance
To Wallace ſaid, ſchyr, ze ſuld knaw yis chance,
It ſtands our weill with yir fals Sothroune blud,
For on na wayis we can nocht ſtop yair fud.

Ye

Ye hawin yai haiff and ſchippis at yair will,
Off Ingland cummys enewch off wittaill yaim till.
Yis land is purd off fud yat ſuld us beild,
And ze ſe weyll als yai forſaik ye feild.
Yai will nocht fecht yocht we all her ſuld byd,
Ze may off peſs plenyſs yir lands wyd.
My cunſaill is, in playn, anent yis thing,
At ze wald paſs with worſchipe to ye King.
Be hys affent ze may at laſar waill,
With prouiſioun agayn for till aſſaill.
Wallace inclynd, and thankyt yis wyſs Lord,
Yan yai tranontyt all in a gud concord,
Paſt up in France with honour to ye King,
And ſchawit hym haill ye verite off yis thing;
And he yaroff in hart was wondyr glaid.
Franch men befor yat hundreth zer not haid
Off Gyan halff ſa mekill into yair hand.
Wrytting be yan was new Cummyn off Scotland,
Fra part off Lordis and Byſchop gud Synclar,
Beſocht ye King in yair termys fair,
Off hys gentrice, and off hys gudlye grace,
For yair ſupple, to cunſaill gud Wallace
To cum agayn, and bring yaim off bandoun,
And tak to wer ye croun off yat regioun.
Yis wrytt as yan he wald nocht till hym ſchaw,
Rycht laith he war for frendſchip, feid, or aw,
Wallace ſuld paſs ſa ſone fra hys preſens,
To duelling-place he tuk to reſidens.
In Schynnown ſtill Wallace hys duellyng maid,
And held about rycht likand lands braid.

A keyn Captayne yan clemyt in heretage
Office off it, and gret lands in wage,
Yarfor he thocht gud Wallace for to ſla.
Undyr colour ſic maiſtry for to ma.
Lang tyme he ſocht to get a day and place,
Said he deſyrd in ſeruice to Wallace.
A tryſt yai ſet with ſaxteyn on ye fyd,
Fyffte yar by he gart in buſchment byd
Off men in armys. Quhen he with Wallace met,
Rycht awfully he bad yaim on hym ſet.
Na armour had Wallace men in yat place,
Bot ſuerd and knyff yai bur on yaim throw grace.
Parties beyn met ner a fayr foreſt ſyd,
Rycht bouſtouſly yis Captayne ſaid yat tyd,
Yat Wallace held off hys lands unrycht:
Rycht ſoberly he ſaid to yat Franch Knycht,
I haiff na land bot quhilk ye King gaiff me,
My lyff yarfor has beyne in jeperte.
Ye Knycht anſuerd, yi lyff zow ſall forlorn,
Or ellis yat land, ye contrar quha had ſuorn.
On bak he lap, and owt hys ſuerd he drew;
Ye buſchement brak quhen he yat takyn ſchew.
Gud Wallace thocht yat mattir ſtud nocht weill,
He gryppyt ſone a ſcherand ſuerd off ſteill,
And at a ſtraik ye Knycht to dede he draiff,
About ſaxteyn ſone lappyt all ye laiff.
Wallace and hys ſa worthily yai wrocht,
Full feill yai ſlew yat ſareſt on yaim ſocht.
Ye Knychts broyir rycht ſtalwart was and ſtrang,
And thocht he ſuld be wengyt or yai gang,
Off

Off Wallace men ſum part yai woundyn ſayr.
Mowand yar was intill a medow fayr
Nyne ſtout carllis, all ſcherwandis to yat Knycht,
Sythis yai hynt, and ran in all yair mycht
To ye fechtars; or yai com ner yat place
Off yaim perſawyt rycht weill was gud Wallace.
So awfull thing, off ſic he neuir ſaw,
Yaim to raſyſt hymſelff can to yaim draw;
Into ye ſtour left hys men fechtand ſtill,
To meit ye carllis yat com with egyr will.
Ye fyrſt leit draw at Wallace with hys ſyth,
Delyuer he was, and heich ourlappyt ſwyth,
And awkwart ſtraik yat churl apon ye hed,
Derfly on ground he has hym left for ded.
Ye toyir he met, ourlap hys ſyth ſa keyn,
On ye ſchuldir als ſtraik hym in yat teyn,
Throch all ye coſt ye nobill ſuerd doun ſchar.
Ye thrid he met with a rycht awfull fayr
Ye groundyn ſyth at Wallace he leit draw.
Yis gud Chyftane cleynly ourlap yaim aw.
With hys gud ſuerd he maid a hidwyfs wound,
Left yaim for dede, ſyne on ye ferd can found,
On ye wan bayn with gret ire can hym ta,
Cleyffyt ye coſt rycht cruelly in twa.
Thre formaſt ſythis yus gud Wallace ourlap,
And four he ſlew, yai ſaw ſic was hys hap;
A man he ſlew ay at a ſtraik,
Ye laiff fled faſt, yus can ye power ſlaik.
Wallace folowed and ſone ye fyrſt ourtais,
Straik hym to ded, yat na furthyr he gais,

Syn

Syn ſped hym faſt till hys awne men again,
Be yan yai had ye Knychts broyir ſlayn.
Sexte and ſax ſaxteyn to ded has dycht,
Bot ſaiff ſewyn men at fled out off yair ſycht;
Fyffe Malwaris yat Wallace ſelff with met.
To Franch men ſyn na ſic tryſts he ſet,
Becauſs yat yai hym brocht to ſic a cace.
Ye King hard tell weill chapyt was Wallace,
Send for hym ſone, and prayit hym for to be
Off hys houſhald, ſo leyff in gud ſaufte;
For weill he ſaw yai had hym at inwye,
Still with hymſelff he gert hym byd for yi.
Twa zers yus with myrth Wallace abaid
Still into France, and mony gud jornay maid.
Ye King hym pleſſed in all hys gudly meyn,
Fra hym he ſuld nocht part agayn.
Lordis and Ladys honoryd hym reuerently,
Wrechis and ſchrewis ay had hym at inwy.
Twa campiowns yat tyme duelt with ye King,
Had gret deſpyt at Wallace in all thing.
Togyddyr ay zeid yir twa campiouns,
Off felloune force and frawart attentiouns,
Rycht gret diſpyt yai ſpak offt off Scotland;
Quhill on a day it hapnyt apon hand,
Wallace and yai was lewyt all yaim allayn,
Be awéntur, intill a houſs off ſtayne.
Yai oyſyt to ber na wappynys in yat hall,
Yai trowyt yarfor a myſs yai mycht not fall;
Yar commound yai off Scotland ſcornfully.
Yan Wallace ſaid yow wrang us outragely,

Sen

Sen we ar bownd in frendſchipe to your King,
And he off us is pleſſed in all thing;
Als Scottſmen has helpyt yis realm off dreid,
Me think ze ſuld geyff gud word for gud deid.
Quhat may ſpek off zour enemyſs bot ill?
In lychtlynes yai maid anſuer hym till,
And hym dyſpyt in yair langage als,
Ze Scotts, yai ſaid, has euir zeit beyn fals.
Wallace tuk ane on ye face in hys teyn
With hys gud hand, quhill neſs, mowth and eyn,
Throuch ye braith blaw, all byrſtyt out off blud,
Butleſs to ground he ſmat hym quhar he ſtud.
Ye toyir hynt to Wallace in yat ſteid,
For weyll he wend hys falow had beyn ded.
And he agayn in greiff hym gryppyt ſayr
Quhill ſpreits failzed ner, he mycht do na mayr.
Ye fyrſt frek raiſs, and ſmat on Wallace faſt,
Bathe to ye ded he brocht yaim at ye laſt.
Apon a pyllar yair harnes out he dang,
Bot with hys hands ſyn out at ye dur yaim flang,
And ſaid, quhat dewyll mowyt zon churllys at me,
Lang tyme in France I wald haiff lattyn yaim be.
Traiſts for trewth yus war yai ded in deid,
Yocht Franchmen likis it nocht to reid.
Als I will ceſs and put it not in rym.
Bettir yat is quha rycht can luk ye tym.
Mony gret Lord was diſpleſſyt in France,
Bot ye gud King yat knew all haill ye chance,
Oft gret diſpyt off Scotland ſpokyn had yai.
Yis paſſit our; quhill eftir anoyir day

Was

Was nayn off yaim yat durſt it undirtak
He had done wrang, nor yarfor battaill mak.
Yis Ryoll Roy a hie worſchip hym gaiff;
As conquerour hym honouryd our ye laiff.
A fell Lyoun ye King has gert be brocht
Within a barrace, for gret harm he wrocht,
Ferlyſt in yrn, na mar power hym gaiff,
Off wodneſs he excedyt all ye laiff;
Bot he was far, and rycht felloune in deid,
In yat ſtrang ſtrenth ye King gert men hym feid,
Kepyt hym cloſs fra folk and beſtiall.
In ye court duelt twa ſquiers off gret waill,
At cuſyngs war on to yir campiouns twa,
Ye quhilk befor Wallace hapnyt to ſla.
A band yai maid in priwa illuſioun,
At yair power to wyrk yis confuſioun,
Be ony meyn, throw frawd or ſutelte,
Eftir, yarfor, yai roucht not for to de,
To ded or ſchaym ſa yat yai mycht hym bryng.
Apon a tym yai went on to ye King;
Yis man, yai ſaid, at ze ſa weſthfull mak,
He is nocht her but he wald undyrtak,
Be hys gret fors to put to confuſioun;
Now he deſyris to fecht on your Lyoun
And bad us aſk at yow yis battaill ſtrang,
Ze grant hym leyff in yat barrace to gang.
Sadly agayn to yaim anſuerd ye King,
Sayr me forthinkis at he deſyr ſic thing;
Bot I will neuir for greyff, nor gret pleſance,
Deny Wallace quhat he deſyrs off France.

Yan went yai furth and ſone met with Wallace,
A fygourd taill yai tald hym off yis cace.
Wallace, yai ſaid, ye King deſirs yat ze
Doren battaill ſa cruell be to ſe,
And charges zow to fecht on hys Lyoun.
Wallace anſuerd in haiſty concluſioun,
And ſaid, I ſall, quhat be ye Kings will,
At my power rycht glaidly to fullfill.
Yan paſſit he onto ye King but mar,
A Lord off court quhen he approchyt yar,
Unwyſtily ſperd, withoutyn prouiſioun,
Wallace, dar ze go fecht on our Lyoun?
And he ſaid, za, ſa ye King ſuffyr me,
Or on yourſelff, gyff ze ocht bettyr be.
Quhat will ze mar? yis thing amityt was,
Yat Wallace ſuld on to ye Lyoun paſs.
Ye King yarin chargyt to bring hym gud harnas;
And he ſaid, nay, God ſcheild me fra ſic caſs.
I wald tak weid, ſuld I fecht with a man,
Bot a dog, yat nocht off armes can,
I will haiff nayn, bot ſynglar as I ga;
A gret manteill about hys hand can ta,
And hys gud ſuerd, with hym he tuk na mar,
Abandounly in barrace entryt yar.
Gret chemys was wrocht in ye zet with a Gyn,
And puld it to quhen Wallace was yarin.
Ye wode Lyoun, on Wallace quhar he ſtud,
Rampand, he braid, for he deſyryt blud;
With hys rude powis in ye mantill rocht ſa.
Awkwart ye bak yan Wallace can hym ta

With hys gud ſuerd yat was off burnyſt ſteill,
Hys body in twa it thruſchyt euyir ilk deill;
Syn to ye King he rakyt in gret ire,
And ſaid on loud, was yis all your deſyr,
To wayr a Scott yus lychtly into wayn?
Is yar ma doggs at ze wald zeit haiff ſlayn?
Go, bryng yaim furth, ſen I mon doggs qwell,
To de byddyng quhill yat I with zow duell.
It gaynd full weill I graithit me to Scotland,
For grettar deids yair men has apon hand,
Yan with a dog in battaill to eſcheiff;
At zow in France for euir I tak my leiff.
Ye King perſawit yat Wallace grewyt was,
So ernyſtfully he aſkyt leiff to paſs,
Rewid in hys mynd at it was hapnyt ſa,
Sa lewd a deid to lat hym undirta.
Knawand ye worſchip, and gret nobilnace
Off hym, quhilk ſprang yat tym in mony place,
Humblely he ſaid, ze ſuld diſpleſs yow nocht,
Yis ze deſyryt, it mowit ner in my thocht;
And, be ye faith I aw ye croun off France,
I thocht neuyr to charge with ſic chance,
Bot men off waill at aſkyt it for yow.
Wallace anſuerd, yat God I mak a wow,
I likyt neuir ſic battaill to be in,
Apon a dog na worſchip is to wyn.
Ye King conſawyt how yis falſheid was wrocht,
Ye ſquiers bath was till hys preſens brocht,
Coud nocht deny quhen yai com hym befor,
All yair treſpas yai tauld withoutyn mor.

Ye King commaundyt yai ſuld be don to ded,
Smat off yair hedys without ony ramed.
Ye campiouns, lo, for inwy cauſlace,
To ſodand dede Wallace brocht yaim throw cace;
Ye ſquiers als fra yair falſheid was kend,
Inwy yaim brocht bathe till a ſodand end.
Lords, behald, inwy ye uyle dragoun,
In cruell fyr he burnys yis regioun;
For he is nocht, yat bond is in inwy,
To ſum myſcheiff it bryngs hym haiſtely.
Forſaik inwy, yow ſall ye bettir ſpeid,
Heroff as now I will na furyir reid;
Bot in my mattir, as I off for began,
I ſall conteyn als playnly as I can.
Quhen Wallace ſaw yai had hym at inwy,
Langar to byd he coud yan nocht apply,
Bettir hym thocht in Scotland for to be,
And awentur tak oyir to leiff or de,
To help hys awn he had a mar pleſance,
Yan yar to byd with all ye welth off France.
Yus hys haill mynd, manheid and hie curage,
Was playnly ſet to wyn off bondage,
Scotland agayn fra payn and felloune ſor,
He woude he ſuld, or ellis de yarfor.
Ye King has ſeyn how gud Wallace was ſet,
Ye letter yan hym gaiff withoutyn let,
Ye quhilk off lait fra Scotland was hym ſend.
Wallace it ſaw, and weill yair harmes kend;
Be ye fyrſt writ yarto accordiall,
Yaim to ſupple he thocht he wald nocht faill.

Quharto ſuld I her off lang proceſs mak?
Wallace off France a gudly leiff can tak.
Ye King has ſeyn, it wald nocht ellis be,
To chawmyr went and mycht not on hym ſe,
Gret languor tuk quhen Wallace can ramuff,
Yat King till hym kepyt kyndnes and luff.
Jowallis and gold, hys worſchip for to ſaiff,
He bad yaim geyff, as much as he wald haiff.
Lordys and Ladyis wepyt wondyr faſt,
Quhen Wallace yar ſo tuk hys leiff, and paſt.
No man he tuk bot quhilk he hyddyr brocht,
Agayn with hym gud Langaweill furth ſocht;
For payn nor blyſs yat gud Knycht left hym neuir,
For cace befell, quhill ded maid yaim diſeuyr.
Towart ye fluce a gudly fer paſt he,
A weſchell gat, and maid hym to ye ſe.
Aucht ſchipmen feit, and gudly wage yaim gaiff,
To Scotland fur, ye Fyrth off Tay yai haiff.
Apon a nycht Wallace ye land has tane
At Erneſs-mouth, and is to Elchok gane.
He gert ye ſchip in cowert ſaill away,
So out off ſycht yai war or it was day.
At Elchok duelt ane Wallace cuſyng der,
At Crawfurd hecht; quhen yai ye houſs com ner,
On ye bakſyde Wallace a window fand,
And in he cald. Sone Crawfurd com at hand,
Fra tym he wyſt yat it was gud Wallace,
Intill hys bern he ordand yaim a place,
A mow off corn he guhyt yaim about,
And cloſyt weill, nane mycht perſaive without;

Bot

Bot at a place quhar meit he to yaim brocht,
As bedyn to als glaidly as he mocht,
A dern holl furth, on ye north ſyd, yai had
To ye wattir, quharoff Wallace was glad.
Four dayis or fyffe in reſt yai ſoiornd yar,
Quhill meit was gayn, yan Crawfurd bound for mar
Till Santt Jhonſtoun, yair purweance for to by.
Ingliſmen thocht he tuk mar boundandly
Yan he was wount at any tym befor;
Yai haiff hym tane, put hym in preſoune ſor,
Quhat geſts he had, to tell yai mak raqueſt.
He ſaid, it was bot till a kyrkyn feſt;
Zeit yai preiff ſone ye cumyng off Wallace,
Knawlage to get yai keſt a ſuttell cace.
Yai lat hym paſs with thing yat he had bocht,
Syn eftir ſone in all ye haiſt yai mocht
To harnes zeid ye power off ye toun.
Aucht hundreth men with Butler maid yaim boun,
Folowed on dreich, quhill at yis man cum hame.
Wallace hym ſaw, and ſaid, he ſerwyt blame.
In my ſlepyng a fell viſioun me tauld,
Till Ingliſmen yat yow ſuld me haiff ſauld.
Crawfurd hym ſaid, he had beyn turment ſayr
With Ingliſmen, yat had hym in diſpayr;
Yarfor ryſs up, and for ſum ſuccour ſe,
I dreid full ſayr, yai ſet wachis on me.
Ye worthi Scotts yai graithit yaim in gud weid,
Yair wappynys tuk, ſyn off yat houſs furth zeid.
Yus ſedandly ye fell Sothroune yai ſaw,
To few yai war to bid agayn yaim aw,

At keynly com with zoung Butler ye Knycht.
Yan Wallace ſaid, a playn ſeild is not rycht,
Bot Elchok park is ner hand her beſyd,
Ye fyrſt ſailzie we think yar to byd.
Nyneteyn yai war, and Crawfurd, with gud will,
Ye twentyd man, ye nowmir to fullfill.
Ye park yai tuk, Wallace a place has ſeyn
Off gret holyns, yat grew bath heich and greyn,
With thuortour treis a mannir ſtrenth maid he,
Or yat war wone yai trowyt to gar feill de.
Ye wode was theyk, bot litill off breid or buth,
Had yai had meit, yai thocht to hald yat ſtrenth.
Ye Ingliſmen paſſyt to Crawfurdis place,
Fand in ye bern ye lugyng off Wallace;
Yan Crafurdis wyff in handis haiff yai tane,
And aſt at hyr quhat way ye Scotts war gane;
Rycht weill yai trowit at Wallace ſuld yar be,
Off France in Tay he was cummyn be ye ſe.
Sche wald nocht tell, for boſt, nor zeit reward.
Yan Butler ſaid, our lang yow has beyn ſpard;
Yarwith he grew in mattelent and ire,
And gert yaim byg a baillfull braid brym fyr,
Ye Sothroune ſuor yarin ſche ſuld brynt be.
Yan Wallace ſaid, ſche ſall not end for me;
Gret ſyn it war zon ſaikleſs wycht to ſla.
Or ſche ſuld end, in faith yar ſall de ma.
He left ye ſtrenth, and ye playn feild can ta,
On lowd he cryit, and ſaid, lo, her I ga.
Thinkis yow no ſchaym for to turment a wyff,
Cum fyrſt to me and mak end off our ſtryff.

Fra

Fra Butlar had apon gud Wallace ſeyn,
Throuch auld malice he wox ner wod for teyn,
Apon ye Scotts ſchup yaim all with gret mayn,
Bot Wallace ſone ye ſtrenth he tuk agayn.
A fell bykkyr ye Ingliſmen began,
Aſſailzied ſayr with mony cruell man;
Bot yai within war nobill at defens,
Maid gret debait be force and wiolence.
At ye entre fyffteyn yai brocht to ded,
Yan all ye laive ramowyt fra yat ſted,
Zeid till aray agayn to ſailze new.
Wallace beheld quhilk weill in wer hym knew,
Falowis, he ſaid, agayn all at yis place
Yai will nocht faill, but yus ſtandis ye cace.
Zon Knycht thinkis for to dewid hys men
In ſeir parts ye ſuth ze ſall weill ken,
Agayn on us to preiff how it may be;
Us worthys now ſum wayis for yaim to ſe,
Contrar yair rycht a gud defens to mak.
Now Longaweill, zow ſall ſex with ze tak,
Wilzam my Eym als mony ſall with zow ga,
And fyffe with me, as now we haiff na ma.
Knycht Butler yan partyt hys men in thre.
Wallace weſyd quhar Butler ſchup to be,
Yiddyr he paſt yat entre for to wer,
On ilka ſyd yai ſailze with gret fer.
Wallace leit part in ye entre begyn,
Bot nane zeid out yat on ye Scotts com in.
Sewyn formaſt was quhilk in ye foreſt zeid,
Wallace fyffe man quhilk douchty was in deid,

Ilk ane ſlew ane, and Wallace gert twa de.
Butler was next, and ſaid, yis will nocht be,
On bak he drew, and leit hys curage ſlaik,
Ye worthi Scotts prowit weill for Scotlands ſaik,
Gud Longaweill hys cowntyr maid ſo ſar,
And Crawfurd als, yai ſailzeid yan no mar.
Rycht ner be yan approchyt to ye nycht,
And ſternys uppeyr began in to yair ſycht,
Sothroune ſet wach, and to yair ſouper went.
Ye Butlar was ſayr grewyt in hys entent,
Zeit fur yai weill off ſtuff, wyn, ayle and breid.
Wallace and hys yai wyſt off na rameid
Bot cauld wattir yan ran throuchout a ſtrand,
In yat lugyng nane oyir fud yai fand.
Yan Wallace ſaid, gud falowis think nocht lang,
Will God, we ſall be ſone out off yis thrang,
Suppoſs we faſt a day, our and a nycht,
Tak all in thank yis payn for Scotlands rycht.
Ye Erle off Zork was in Santt Jhonſtoune ſtill,
To Butlar ſend, and bad hym byd at will,
Till hym full ſone yar ſuld cum new power,
And als hymſelff, yus tald ye meſſynger.
Butlar wald fayn Wallace had zoldyn beyn
Or ye Erle com, for yis cauſſis was ſeyn,
Hys Grantſchyr bathe and hys Fadyr he ſlew,
Yis Knycht yarwith towart ye park hym drew,
Quhat cher yai maid, apon ye Scotts cald,
Yan Wallace ſaid, fer bettyr yan ze wald,
Ye Butlar ſaid, I wald fayn ſpek with ze.
Wallace anſuerd, yow may for litill fe.

Wallace, he ſaid, yow yas done me gret ſcaith,
My rycht Fadyr and Grantſchyr yow ſlew baith.
Yan Wallace ſaid, for ſtait yat yow ar in,
It war my det for till undo yi kyn.
I think als, ſa God off Hewyn me ſaiff,
At my twa hands ſall graith ye to yi graiff.
Ye Butlar ſaid, yat is nocht likly now,
In my credence, and yow will fermly trow,
Off yis I aſk, and yow will mak me grant,
Quhat I ye hecht, yat thing yow ſall nocht want.
Sa furth quoth he be yi deſyr reſonable
I ſall it grant withoutyn ony fable.
Ye Butlar ſaid, Wallace, yow knawis rycht,
Yow may nocht chaip for power nor for flycht;
And ſen ze ſeis it may nocht bettir be,
For yi gentrice yow will zeild ze to me.
Yan Wallace ſaid, yi will unſkillfull is,
Zow wald I did quhilk is our hye a myſs,
Zoldin I am to bettir, I can pruff,
To mychty God, yat makar is, abuff;
For euir ilk day, ſen I had wyt off man,
Befor my werk, to zeild me I began;
At als at ewyn, quhen yat I failzeid lycht,
I me betuk to ye makar off mycht.
Ye Butler ſaid, me think yow has done weill,
Zeit off a thing, I pray zow, lat me feill,
For yi manheid yus furthwart to me feſt
Quhen yat zow ſeis yow may nocht langar leſt
On yis ilk place, quhilk I haiff tane to wer,
Yat yow cum furth, and all oyir forber.

Yan

Yan Wallace leuch at hys cruell deſyr,
And ſaid, I ſall, yocht yow war wod as fyr,
And all Ingland contrar yaroff had ſuorn,
I ſall cum out at yat ilk place to morn,
Or ellys to nycht, traiſt weill quhat I ze ſay,
I byd nocht her quhill nyn hours off ye day.
Butler ſend furth ye chak wach on ilka ſyd.
In yat ilk place bauldly he bownyt to byd.
Yus ſtill yai baid quhill day began to peyr
A thyk myſt fell, ye planet was nocht cler.
Wallace aſſayed at all place about,
Leit as he wald at ony place brek out;
Quhill Butlers men ſum part fra hym can ga
To help ye laive quhen yai ſaw it was ſa.
Wallace and hys faſt ſped yaim to yat ſted,
Quhar Butlar baid, feill men yai draiff to ded,
Ye worthi Scotts ſone paſt throuch yat melle,
Crawfurd yair oyſt was ſayr hurt on ye kne,
At erd he was, gud Wallace turnd agayn,
And at a ſtraik he has ye Butlar ſlayn,
Hynt up yat man undyr hys arm ſa ſtrang,
Defendand hym out off yat felloune thrang.
Gud rowm he maid amang yaim quhar he gais,
With hys rycht hand he ſlew fyffe off yair fais;
Bur furth Crawfurd, be force off hys perſoun,
Nyne akyr breid, or euir he ſet hym doun.
Ye Sothroune fand at yair Captayne was ded,
All hym about, bot yan was no rameid;
Threty with hym off ye wychtaſt yai brocht,
Ded at yat place quhar as ye Scotts furth ſocht.

Wallace and hys be yan was off yair ſycht,
Sothroune baid ſtill for ſor loſs off yat Knycht.
Ye myſt was myrk, yat Wallace likit weill,
Hymſelff was gyd, and ſaid to Langaweill,
At Meffan-wode is my deſyr to be,
On beſtiall yarfor meit yat we may ſe.
Be yan yai war weill cumyn to ye hycht,
Ye myſt ſcalyt, ye ſone ſchawit fayr and brycht;
Son war yai war, a litill ſpace yaim by
Four and twenty was in a cumpany.
Yan Wallace ſaid, be zon men freynd or fa,
We will to yaim, ſen at yai ar na ma.
Quhen yai com ner, a nobill Knycht it was,
Ye quhilk to name hecht Elyſs off Dundaſs,
And Schyr Jhon Scot ek, a worthi Knycht,
Into Straithern a man off mekill mycht;
For yar he had gret part off heretage,
Dundaſs ſyſtyr he had in mariage.
Paſſand yai war, and mycht no langar leſt,
Till Ingliſmen, yair fewte for to teſt.
Lord off Breichyn ſic connand had yaim maid,
Off Edwarde yai ſuld hald yair Landys braid;
Bot fra yai ſaw yat it was wycht Wallace,
Leyfftyt yair handis, and thankit God off Grace,
Off hys gret help quhilk he had ſend yaim yar.
To Meffen-wode with ane aſſent yai far,
Sone gat yaim meit and beſtiall at yai fand,
Reſtyt yat day, quhen nycht was cumyn on hand,
To Byrnam-wode, but reſtyng, ar yai gayne,
Quhar yai found ye ſquier gud Ruwayn,

In outlaw oyſs he had lang lewyt yair
On beſtiall, quhill he mycht get na mair.
Yai taryt nocht, bot intill Adell zeid,
Quhar meit was ſcant, yan Wallace had gret dreid,
Paſt intill Lorn, and rycht litill fand yair,
Off wyld and taym yat contre was maid bair;
Bot in ſtrenthis, yar fud was lewyt nayn,
Ye worthi Scotts yan maid a petouſs mayn.
Schyr Jhon Scott ſaid, he had fer leuir de
Intill gud naym, and leyff hys ayrs fre,
Yan for till byd as bond in ſubiectioun.
Quhen Wallace ſaw yir gud men off renoun
With hungyr ſtad, almaſt mycht leyff no mar,
Wyt ze, for yaim he ſichit wondyr ſar.
Gud men, he ſaid, I am ye cauſs off yis,
At zour deſyr I ſall amend yis wyſs,
Or leiff zow fre ſum chewyſians to ma,
All hym allayn he bownyt fra yaim to ga;
Prayit yaim to byd quhill he mycht com agayn,
Atour a hill he paſſit till a playn.
Out off yair ſycht intill a foreſt ſyd,
He ſat hym doun undyr ane ayk to byd;
Hys bow and ſuerd he lenyt till a tre,
In angwyſs greiff, on grouff ſo turned he,
Hys petous mynd was for hys men ſa wrocht,
Yat off hymſelff litill as yan he rocht.
O wrech! he ſaid, yat neuir couth be content
Off our gret mycht, yat yé Gret God ye lent,
Bot yi fers mynd willfull and wariable,
With gret Lordſchip yow coud nocht ſo byd ſtable;

And willfull witt, for to mak Scotland fre,
God likis nocht yat I haiff tane on me,
For worthyar off bryth yan I was born,
Throuch my deſyr, with hungyr ar lorn.
I aſk at God yaim to reſtor agayn,
I am ye cauſs I ſuld haiff all ye payn.
Quhill ſtudeand yus, quhill flytand with hymſell,
Quhill at ye laſt apon a ſlepyng he fell.
Thre dayis befor yar had hym folowed fyffe,
Ye quhilk was bound, or ellis to loſs yair lyffe;
Ye Erle off Zork bad yaim ſo gret gardoun,
At yai be thyft hecht to put Wallace doun.
Thre off yaim was all born men off Ingland,
And twa was Scotts, yat tuk yis deid on hand;
And ſum men ſaid, yair thrid broyir betraiſſed
Kyldrome eſt, quhar gret ſorow was raiſſed.
A child yai bad, quhilk helpyt to ber meit
In wyldernes amang ye montans gret.
Yai had all ſeyn diſſeuyryng off Wallace
Fra hys gud men, and quhar he baid on cace,
Amang thik wode in couert held yaim law,
Quhill yai perſawyt he was on ſlepyng faw,
And yan yir fyffe approchit Wallace ner,
Quhat beſt to do at oyir can yai ſpeir.
A man ſaid yus, it war a hie renoun,
And we mycht quyk leid hym to Santt Jhonſtoun;
Lo, how he lyis, we may our gryppys waill,
Off hys wappynys he ſall get nane awaill,
We ſall hym bynd in contrar off hys will,
And leid hym yus on bakſyd off zon hill,

So yat hys men ſall nothing off hym knaw
Ye toyir four aſſentyt till hys ſaw;
And yan yir fyffe maid yaim to Wallace,
And thocht throw force to bynd hym in yat place.
Quhat, trowit yir fyffe for to hald Wallace doun,
Ye manlyaſt man, ye ſtarkaſt off perſoun
Leyffand he was, and als ſtud in ſic rycht,
We traiſt weill, God hys deds had in ſycht.
Yai gryppyt hym, yan out off ſlepe he braid,
Quhat menys yis rycht ſedandly he ſaid.
About he turnyt, and up hys armys thrang,
On yai tratours with Knycht-lik fers he dang,
Ye ſtarkaſt man untill hys armys hynt he,
And all hys harnys he dang out on a tre;
A ſuerd he gat ſone eftyr yat he raiſs,
Campioun-lik amang ye four he gais,
Euyr a man he gert de at a dynt,
Quhen twa was ded, ye toyir was nocht ſtynt,
Maid yaim to fle, bot yan it was na but,
Was nane leyffand mycht paſs fra hym on fut.
He folowed faſt, and ſone to ded yaim brocht,
Yan to ye chyld ſadly agayn he ſocht.
Quhat did zow her? Ye chyld, with paill face,
On kneis he fell, and aſkyt Wallace grace,
With yaim I was, and knew na thing yair thocht,
Into ſchyruice, as yai me bad, I wrocht:
Quhat berys yow her? Bot meit, ye chyld can ſay.
Do, turſs it up, and paſs with me away.
Meit in yis tym is fer bettyr yan gold.
Wallace and he furth foundyt our ye fold,

Quha

Quha broucht Wallace fra hys enemyſs bauld,
Quhat bot Gret God yat has ye warld in wauld,
He was hys help in mony felloune thrang,
With glaid cheyr yus on till hys men can gang.
Bathe roſtyt fleſche yar was, als breid and cheis.
To ſuccour yaim yat was in poynt to leis;
Yan he it delt to four men and fyfte,
Quhilk had befor faſtyt our dayis thre,
Syn tuk hys part, he had faſtyt als lang.
Quhar herd ze euir ony in ſic a thrang,
In hungyr ſo ſlepand, and wapynlaſs,
So weill recouer as Wallace did yis caſs?
Playnly be fors vencuſt hys enemyſs fyive.
Ze men off witt yis queſtioun dyſcryive
Withoutyn gloiſs, I will tell furth my taill.
How com yis meit? Ye falowſchip aſkyt haill.
To yar deſyr Wallace nane anſuer zald,
Quhar fyffe war ded he led yaim furth, ſyne tald.
Gretly diſpleſſyd was all yat chewalry,
Till a Chyftane, yai held it fantaſy,
To walk allayn. Wallace, with ſobyr mind,
Said, as heroff is nothing cummyn bot gud.
To ye law land full faſt agayn yai ſocht,
Sperd at yis chyld gyff he couth wyſs yaim ocht,
Quhar yai mycht beſt off purweance for to wyn.
Off nane he ſaid was yat contre within,
Nor all about, as fer as I can knaw,
Quhill yat yow com doun to ye Ranoucht-haw,
Yat Lord has ſtuff, breid, all and gud warnage,
Off King Edwarde he takis full mekill wage.

Yan Wallace ſaid, myſelff ſall be zour gyd,
I knaw yat ſted about on ayir ſyd.
Throuch ye wyld land he gydyt yaim full rycht,
To Ranouch-hall yai com apon ye nycht.
A wach was out, and yat full ſone yai ta,
For he was Scotts, yat man yai wald nocht ſla,
Bot gart hym tell ye manner off yat place;
Yus entryt yai within a litill ſpace.
Ye zet yai wan, for caſtell was yar nayn,
Bot mud-wall werk withoutyn lym or ſtayn.
Wallace in haiſt ſtraik up ye chawmir-dur
Bot with hys fut, yat ſtalwart was and ſtur.
Yan yai within ſa walknyt ſodeynly,
Ye Lord gat up, and mercy can he cry;
Fra tym he wyſt yat gud Wallace was yar,
He thankyt God, ſyn ſaid yir words mar,
Trow man I was, and woun agayn my will
With Ingliſmen, ſuppoſs I likit ill.
All Scotts we ar yat in yis place is now,
At your commaund all playnly ſall we bow.
Off our natioun gud Wallace had pete.
Tuk aythis off yaim, ſyne meit afkyt he.
Gud cheyr yai maid quhill lycht day on ye morn.
Yis trew man yan ſone ſemblyt hym beforn
Thre ſonnys he had, yat ſtalwart war and bauld,
And twentye men off hys kyn in houſhauld.
Wallace was blyth yai maid hym ſic ſupple,
Said, I thank God, yat we yus multiple.
All yat day our in gud liking yai reſt,
Wachys yai waill to kep yaim at coud beſt,

Apon

Apon ye morn ye lycht day quhen yai ſaw,
Yan Wallace ſaid, our power for to knaw,
We will tak feild, and up our baner raiſs
Off rycht Scotland, in contrar off our fais.
We will no mar now us in cowert hyd,
Power till us will ſembill on ilk ſyd.
Horſs yai gat, ye beſt men at was yar,
Towart Dunkell yé gayneſt way yai far.
Ye Byſchop fled, and gat to Santt Jhonſtoun,
Ye Scotts ſlew all was yar off yat natioun,
Bathe pur and rych, and ſcherwandis at yai fand,
Left nane on lyff yat born was off Ingland.
Ye place yai tuk, and maid yaim weill to fayr,
Off purweance yat Byſchop had brocht yair.
Jowllys yai gat, bath gold and ſiluer brycht,
With gud cheyr yar fyffe dayis yai ſoiornyt rycht;
On ye ſext day Wallace to conſaill went,
Gert call ye beſt, and ſchew yaim hys entent.
Na men we haiff to ſailze Santt Jhonſtoun,
In to ye north yarfor lat mak us boun.
In Roſs, yow knaw, gud men a ſtrenth has maid,
Her yai off us, yai com withoutyn baid;
Als into But ye Byſchop gud Synclar,
Fra he get wyt, he will com withoutyn mar.
Gud weſtland men off Aran and Rauchle,
Fra yai be warnd, yai will all com to me.
Yis purpoſs tuk, and in ye north yai rid,
Nan Ingliſmen durſt in yair way abid.
Quham Wallace tuk, yai knew ye ald ranſoun,
Fra he com haym, to ſle yai mak yaim boun,

And Scotts men ſemblyt to Wallace faſt,
In awfull feyr throuchout ye land yai paſt.
Strenthis was left, witt ye, all defolate,
Agayn yir folk yai durſt mak no debate.
In rayit battaill yai raid till Abyrdeyn,
Ye haill nowmyr, ſewyn thouſand yan was ſeyn;
Bot Ingliſmen had left yat toun all waiſt,
On ilka ſyd away yai can yaim haiſt,
In all yat land left noyir mär nor leſs.
Lord Bewmond tuk ye ſey at Bowchanneſs.
Throuch Scotland yan was manyfeſt in playn,
Ye Lords yat paſt in harts war wondyr fayn.
Ye Knycht Climes off Roſs com ſodeynly
In Murray land with yair gud chewalry.
Ye houſs off Narn yat gud Knycht weill has tane,
Slew ye Captayne and ſtrang men mony ane;
Owt off Murray in Bowchan land com yai
To ſek Bewmound, be he was paſt away;
Yan yir gud men to Wallace paſſit rycht.
Quhen Wallace ſaw Schyr Jhon Ramſay ye Knycht,
And oyir gud at had bene fra hym lang,
Gret curage yan was raſſyt yaim amang.
Ye land he rewllyt as at hym lykyt beſt
To Santt Jhonſtoun ſyn raid or yai wald reſt.
At euir ilk part a ſtalwart wach he maid,
Fermyt a ſege and ſtedfaſtly abaid,
Byſchop Synclar into all haiſt hym dycht,
Com out off But with ſymly men to fycht;
Out off ye Ilys off Rauchle and Aran,
Lyndſay and Boid, with gud men mony ane,

Adam

Adam Wallace Barroun off Ricardtoun
Full ſadly ſocht till Wallace off renoun.
Off Santt Jhonſtoun baid at ye ſailze ſtill,
For Sothroune men yai mycht weill paſs at will;
For in yair way yar durſt na enemys be,
Bot fled away be land, and als be ſe.
About yat toun yus ſemblyt yai but mar,
For yai had beyn with gud Wallace befor.
Cetoun, Lawdir, and Richard off Lunde,
In a gud barge yai paſt about be ſe;
Santt Jhonſtons-toun hawyn yair ankyr haiff yai ſet.
Twa Inglis ſchippys yai tuk withoutyn let,
Ye tane yai brynt, ſyne ſtuffyt ye toyir weill
With artailze, and ſtalwart men in ſteill,
To kep ye port, yar ſuld com na wittaill
Into yat toun, nor men at mycht yaim waill.
Fra ſouth and north mony off Ingland fled,
Left caſtellys waiſt, feill left yar lyff to wed.
Ye South Byſchope befor yat left Dunkell,
Till London paſt, and tald Edwarde hymſell,
In Scotland yar had fallyn a gret myſchance.
Yan ſend he ſone for Amar ye Wallance,
And aſkyt hym yan quhat war beſt to do.
He hecht to paſs, and tak gret gold yarto,
Into Scotland, ſic monys for to mak,
Agayn Wallace on hand yis can he tak.
Yai ſaid, he wald undo King Edwards croun,
Bot gyff yai mycht throuch treſoun put hym doun.
King Edward hecht, quhat thing at Wallang band,
He ſuld it kepe, war it bath gold and land.

Wallang

Wallang tuk leyff, and is in Scotland went,
To Bothwell com, ſyn keſt in hys entent.
Quhat man yar was mycht beſt Wallace begyll,
And ſone he fand, within a litill quhill,
Schyr Jhon Menteth, Wallace hys goſſop was.
A meſſynger Schyr Amar has gart paſs
On to Schyr Jhon, and ſone a tryſt has ſet,
At Ruglan Kyrk yir twa togydder met.
Yan Wallang ſaid, Schyr Jhon yow knaw yis thing,
Wallace agayn ryſſys contrar ye King,
And yow may haiff quhat Lordſchip yow will waill!
And yow wald wyrk as I can gyff cunſaill.
Zon tyrand haldys ye realmys at troubill bath,
Till thryfty men it dois full mekill ſcaith.
He traiſts ye, rycht weill yow may hym tak,
Off yis mater ane end I think to mak.
War he away, we mycht at lyking ryng
As Lordys all, and leyff undyr a King.
Yan Menteth ſaid, he is our Gouernour,
For us he baid in mony felloune ſtour,
Nocht for hymſelff, bot for our heretage;
To ſell hym yus it war a foull owtrage.
Yan Wallang ſaid, and yow weill undyrſtud,
Gret neid it war, he ſpillis ſo mekill blud
Off Cryſtin men, putts ſaullis in perell;
I bynd me als, he ſall be haldyn haill,
As for hys lyff, and kepyt in preſoun;
King Edwarde wald haiff hym in ſubjectioun.
Yan Menteth, ſa wald kep connand,
He wald full fayn had hym in Scotland.

Wallang

Wallang ſaw hym intill a ſtudy be,
Thre thouſand poundys off fyn gold lat hym ſe,
And hecht he ſuld ye Lewyn-houſs haiff at will.
Yus treſonably Menteth grantyt yartill;
Obligatioun with hys awn hand he maid,
Syn tuk ye gold, and Edwards ſeill ſo braid,
And gaiff yaim hys, quhen he hys tym mycht ſe
To tak Wallace our Sulway, giff hym fre
Till Ingliſmen; be yis treſonabill concord
Schyr Jhon ſuld be off all ye Lennox Lord.
Yus Wallace ſuld in Ingland kepyt be,
So Edwarde mycht mak Scotland till hym fre.
Yair cowatyſs was our gret mayſtir ſeyn,
Nane ſampill taks how ane oyir has beyne.
For cowatyſs, put in gret paynys fell
For cowatyſs, ye ſerpent is off hell.
Throuch cowatyſs, gud Ectour to ye ded
For cowatyſs, yar can be na ramed.
Throw cowatyſs gud Alexander was loſt,
And Julius als for all hys reyff and boſt.
Throuch cowatyſs deit, Arthour off Bretan.
For cowatyſs, yar had deid mony ane.
For cowatyſs, ye traytour Ganzelon
Ye flour off France he put till confuſioun.
For cowatyſs yai poyſound gud Godfra
In Antioche, as ye autor will ſa.
For cowatyſs, Menteth, apon falſs wyſs,
Betrayſyt Wallace yat was hys goſſop twyſs,
Wallang in haiſt, with blyth will and glaid hart.
Till London paſt, and ſchawit King Edwart.

Off yis contrak and had a mar pleſance,
Yan off fyn gold had geyffyn in ballance.
A grettar wecht na hys ranſoun mycht be,
Off Wallace furth ſum thing ſpek will we.
At Santt Jhonſtoune was at ye ſegyng ſtill.
In a mornyng Sothroune with egyr will,
Fyffe hundreth men in harnas rycht juntly,
Yai uſchyt furth to mak a jeperte
At ye ſouth part, apon Scott and Dundaſs,
Quhilk in yat tym rycht wyſs and worthi was,
Agayn yair fayis rycht ſcharply focht and ſayr,
In yat cowntyr ſewyn ſcor to ded yai bayr.
Zeit Ingliſmen, at cruell war and keyn,
Full ferſly faucht, quhar douchty deid was ſeyn,
Fra ye weſt zet drew all ye Scotts haill
To ye fechtars. Quhen Sothroune ſaw no waill,
Bot in agayn full faſt yai can yaim ſped,
Ye Knycht Dundaſs prowyt ſa douchty deid.
Our ner ye zett ſo bandounly he baid,
With a gud ſuerd full gret maſtry he maid;
Nocht wittandly hys falowis was hym fra,
In at ye zett ye Sothroune can hym ta,
On to ye Erle yai led hym haiſtele.
Quhen he hym ſaw, he ſaid he ſuld nocht de;
To ſlay yis ane it may us litill rameid;
He ſend hym furth to Wallace in yat ſteid.
On ye north ſyd hys beſtialls had he wrocht,
Quhill he hym ſaw, off yis he wyſt rycht nocht,
Send to ye Erle, and thankyt hym largele,
Hecht for to quyt quhen he ſic cace mycht ſe;

Bot all herfor ſouerance he wald nocht grant,
Zocht yai goldin wald com at recreant;
For gold na gud, he wald na treubut tak,
A full ſtrang ſalt yan he begouth to mak.
Ye Erle off Fyff duelt undyr trewage lang,
Off King Edwarde, and yan hym thocht it wrang,
At Wallace ſa was ſegeand Sant Jhonſtoun,
Bot gyff he com in rycht help off ye croun.
Till Ingliſmen he wald nocht kep yat band,
Yan he com ſone with gud men off ye land;
And Jhon Wallang was yan Schyrreff off Fyff,
Till Wallace paſt, ſtarkyt hym in yat ſtryff.
Yat Erle was cummyn off trew haill nobill blud,
Fra ye ald Thane, quhilk in hys tym was gud.
Yan all about to Santt Jhonſtoun yai gang,
With felloune ſalt was hydwyſs ſcharp and ſtrang,
Full feill fagaldys into ye dyk yai caſt,
Hadyr and hay bond apon ſtakys faſt,
With treis and erd a gret paſſage yai maid,
Atour ye wallis yai zeid with battaill braid.
Ye Sothroune men maid gret defens agayn,
Quhill on ye wallys yar was a thouſand ſlayn.
Wallace zeid in and hys rayit battaill rycht,
All Sothroune men derfly to ded yai dycht.
To ſaiff ye Erle Wallace ye harrold ſend,
Gud Jop hymſelff, ye quhilk befor hym kend;
For Dundaſs ſaik yai ſaid he ſuld nocht de,
Wallace hymſelff yus ordand for to be.
A ſmall haknay he gert till hym betak,
Siluer and gold hys coſts for to mak,

Set on hys clok a takyn for to ſe,
Ye Lyoun in Wax yat ſuld hys condet be,
Conwoyit hym furth, and na man hym withall,
Wemen and barnys Wallace gert freich yaim all,
And ſyn gert cry, trew Scottſmen to yair awn,
Plenyſt ye land quhilk lang had beyn ourthrawn.
Yan Wallace paſt ye ſouthland for to ſe
Edward ye Bruce, in hys tym rycht worthe;
Yat yer befor he had in Irland beyn,
And purcheſt yaroff cruell men and keyn:
Fyffty in feyr was off hys modrys keyn
At Kirkubre on Galloway entryt in;
With yai fyffe he had vencuſt nyne ſcor,
And ſyn he paſt, withoutyn tary mor,
Till Wigtoun ſone, and yat Caſtell has tane,
Sothroune was fled, and left all allane.
Wallace hym met with treu men reuerently,
To Lowchmaban went all yat chewalry.
Yai maid Edwarde bathe Lord and Ledar yar,
Yis conditioun Wallace hym hecht but mar.
Bot a ſchort tym to byd Robert ye King,
Gyff he cam nocht in yis regioun to ryng,
At Edwarde ſuld raſaiff ye croun but faill,
Yus hecht Wallace, and all ye barnage haill.
In Lowchmaban Prynce Edwarde lewyt ſtill,
And Wallace paſt in Cumno with blyth will,
At ye Blak Rok quhar he was wount to be,
Apon yat ſted a ryoll houſs held he.
Inglis wardans till London paſt but mar,
And tauld ye King off all yair gret mysfar,

How

How Wallace had Scotland fra yaim reduce,
And how he had reſawyt Edwarde ye Bruce.
Ye commoune ſuor yai ſuld cum neuir mar
Apon Scotland and Wallace leiffand war.
Yan Edwarde wrayt till Menteth prewaly,
Prayit hym till haiſt, ye tym was paſt by.
Off ye promeſs ye quhilk at he was bund.
Schyr Jhon Menteth intill hys witt has fund,
How he ſuld beſt hys purpos to fulfill.
Hys ſyſtars ſone in haiſt he cauld hym till,
And ordand hym in duellyng with Wallace;
Ane ayth agayn he gert hym mak on cace,
Quhat tym he wyſt Wallace in quiet draw,
He ſuld hym warn, for awentur mycht befaw.
Yis man grantyt at ſic thing ſuld be done,
With Wallace yus he was in ſcherwice ſone.
As off treſoun Wallace had litill thocht,
Hys lawbourous mynd on oyir matters wrocht.
Yus Wallace thryſs has maid all Scotland fre,
Yan he deſyryt in leſtand peſs to be;
For as off wer he has in ſum part yrk,
He purpoſt yan to ſcherwe God and ye kyrk,
And for to leyff undyr hys rychtwyſs King;
Yat he deſyryt abowne all erdly thing.
Ye harrold Jop in Ingland ſone he ſend,
And wrait till Bruce rycht hartly hys commend,
Beſekand hym to cum and tak hys croun,
Nane ſuld gaynſtand, Clerk, Burges, na Barroun.
Ye herrald paſt, quhen Bruce ſaw hys credans,
Yaroff he tuk a perfyt gret pleſans;

With hys awn hand agayn wraitt to Wallace,
And thankyt hym off lawte and kyndneſs,
Beſekand hym yis mater to conſeyll,
For he behuffyd out off Ingland to ſteill,
For lang befor was kepyt ye Ragment,
Quhilk Cumyn had to byd ye gret parlement,
Into London, and gyff yai hym accuſs,
To cum fra yaim he ſuld mak ſum excuſs.
He prayit Wallace in Glaſkow-mur to walk
Ye fyrſt nycht off Juli for hys ſalk,
And bad he ſuld bot into quiet be,
For he with hym mycht bryng few chewalre.
Wallace was glaid quhen he yis wryttyng ſaw,
Hys houſhald-ſone he gert to Glaſkow draw,
Yat moneth yar he ordand hym to byd,
Kerle he tuk ilk nycht with hym to ryd,
And yis zong man yat Menteth till hym ſend,
Wyſt nane bot yir quhat way at Wallace wend;
Ye quhilk gart warn hys Eym ye auchtand nycht.
Sexte full ſone Schyr Jhon gert dycht
Off hys awn kyn, and off Alay was born,
To yis treſoune he gert yaim all be ſuorn.
Fra Dimbertane he ſped yaim haiſtily,
Ner Glaſkow kyrk yai bownyt yaim priwaly.
Wallace paſt furth quhar yat ye tryſt was ſet,
A ſpy yai maid, and folowed hym but let,
Till Robraſtoun was ner be ye way ſyd,
And bot a houſs quhar Wallace oyſſyt to byd,
He wouk on fut quhill paſſit was mydnycht;
Kerly and he yan for a ſleip yaim dycht.

Yai bad yis cuk, yat he ſuld wach hys part,
And wakyn Wallace, com men fra ony art.
Quhen yai ſlepyt, yis traytour tuk gud heid,
He met hys Eym, and bad hym haiff no dreid,
On ſleip he is, and with hym bot a man,
Ze may hym haiff, for ony craft he can,
Without ye houſs yair wappynys baid yaim fra,
For weill yai wyſt, gat Wallace ane off ya,
And on hys feyt, hys ranſoun ſuld be ſauld;
Yus ſemblit yai about yat febill hauld.
Yis traytour wach fra Wallace yan he ſtaw
Bathe knyff and ſuerd, hys bow and arowis aw;
Eftyr mydnycht in hands yai haiff hym tane,
Dyſchowyll on ſleip, with hym no man bot ane.
Kerle yai tuk, and led hym off yat place,
Dyd hym to ded withoutyn langar ſpace.
Yai thocht to bynd Wallace throw ſtrenthis ſtrang,
On fute he gat ye feill traytours amang,
Gryppyt about, bot na wapyn he fand,
Apon a tyll he ſaw beſyd hym ſtand,
Ye bak off ane he byrſtyt in yat thrang,
And off ane oyir ye harneſs out he dang.
Yan als mony as handis on hym mycht lay,
Be fors hym hynt for till haiff hym away;
Bot yat power mycht nocht a fute hym leid
Owt off yat houſs, quhill yai or he war deid.
Schyr Jhon ſa weill be fors it mycht nocht be,
Or he war tane he thocht erar to de.
Menteth bad ceſs, and yus ſpak to Wallace,
Syne ſchawit hym furth a rycht ſutell fals cace.

Ye haiff ſo lang her oyſſyt zow allane,
Quhill witt yaroff is intill Ingland gane,
Yarfor her me, and ſobyr zour curage.
Ye Ingliſmen, with a full gret barnage,
Ar ſemblyt her, and ſet yis houſs about,
Yat ze, be fors, on na wayis may wyn out.
Suppoſs yow had ye ſtrenth off gud Ectour,
Amang yis oft ye may nocht lang endour,
And yai zow tak, in haiſt your dede is dycht.
I haiff ſpokyn with Lord Clyffurd yat Knycht,
With yair chyftanys weill menyt for zour lyff,
Yai aſk no mar but be quyt off zour ſtryff.
To Dimbertane ze ſall furth paſs with me,
At zour awn houſs ze may in ſaufte be.
Sothroune ſic oyſs with Menteth lang had yai,
Yat Wallace trowit ſum part yat he wald ſay,
Menteth ſaid, ſchyr, lo, wappynys nane we haiff,
We com in trayſt, zour lyff gyff we mycht ſaiff.
Wallace trowit weill, and he hys goſſop twyſs,
Yat he wald nocht, be ony maner off wyſs,
Hym to betrayſs for all Scotland ſo wyd,
Ane ayth off hym he aſkyt in yat tyd,
Yar wantyt wytt, quhat ſuld hys aythis mor,
For ſuorn till hym he was lang tym befor.
Ye ayth he maid, Wallace cum in hys will,
Rycht frawdfully all yis ſchawit hym till.
Goſſop, he ſaid, as preſouner yai mon yow ſe,
Or yai throuch force will ellis tak yow fra me.
A courch with ſlycht apon hys handys yai laid,
And undyr ſyne with ſeuar cordys yai braid,

Bath ſcharp and tewch, and faſt togyddyr drew,
Allace ye Bruce mycht ſayr yat byndyng rew,
Quhilk maid Scotland ſone brokyn apon cace,
For Cumyns ded and loſs off gud Wallace.
Yai led hym furth in feyr amang yaim aw,
Kerle he myſt, and yan ye Sothroune ſaw
Yan wyſt he weill yat he betrayſyt was,
Towart ye ſouth with hym quhen yai can paſs;
Zeit yai hym ſaid, in trewth he ſuld nocht de,
King Edwarde wald kep hym in gud ſaufte,
For hys honour in wer at he had wrocht.
Ye ſayr bandys ſo ſtrowblyt all hys thocht,
Credence yarto forſuth he coud not geyff,
He wyſt full weill yai wald nocht let hym leyff.
A fals foull cauſs ye Menteth for hym tauld,
Quhen on yis wyſs gud Wallace he had ſauld;
Sum off yaim ſaid, it was to ſaiff yair Lord,
Yai leid all out yat maid yat fals racord.
At ye Fawkyrk ye gud Stewart was ſlayn,
Our Cornielis raherſs yat in playn,
On Madelan-day, yat auchtand zer befor,
Cumyns ded yaroff it wytneſs mor,
At Robraſtoun Wallace was treſonabilly
Yus falſly ſtowyn fra hys gud chewalry,
In Glaſkow lay, and wyſt nocht off yis thing;
Yus he was loſt in bydyng off hys King.
South yai hym led ay haldand ye weſt land,
Delyuyrit hym in haiſt our Sullway ſand.
Ye Lord Clyffurd and Wallang tuk hym yar,
To Carleyll toun full faſt with hym yai far,

In preſoune hym ſtad, yat was a gret dolour,
Yat houſs eftyr was callyt Wallace tour.
Sum men ſen ſyn ſaid, yat knew nocht weill ye caſs,
In Berweik yai to ded put gud Wallace.
Contrar is knawin fyrſt be yis opinioun,
For Scottſmen yan had haly Berweik toun,
And Scotland fre, quhill yat Soullis it gaiff
For Lord Cumyn till Ingland with ye laiff.
Ane oyir poynt is, ye traytours durſt nocht paſs,
At ſauld hym ſa, quhar Scottſmen maiſters waſs.
Ye thrid poynt is, ye commownys off Ingland,
Quhat yai defyr, yai will nocht undirſtand,
Yat thing be don, for wytnes at may be.
Na credence gyff forthyr yan yai may ſe
To ſe hym de Edwarde had mar deſyr,
Yan to be Lord off all ye gret Empyr.
For yis cauſe yai kepyt hym ſa lang,
Quhill ye commouns mycht on to London gang.
Allace, Scotland, to quhom ſall yow compleyn!
Allace, fra payn quha ſall yow now refreyn!
Allace, yi help is falſslie brocht to ground,
Yi Chyftane in braith bandys is bound!
Allace, yow has now loſt yi Gyd off lycht!
Allace, quha ſall defend ye in yi rycht!
Allace, yi payn approchis wondyr ner,
With ſorow ſone yow mon be ſet on feyr!
Yi Graciouſs God, yi grettaſt Gouernour,
Allace, our neir is cummyn hys fatell hour!
Allace, quha ſall ye beit now off yi baill!
Allace, quhen ſall off harmes yow be haill!

Quha

Quha ſall ye defend! quha ſall ye now mak fre!
Allace, in wer quha ſall yi helpar be!
Quha ſall ye help! quha ſall ye now radem!
Allace, quha ſall ye Saxons fra ze flem!
I can no mar, bot beſek God off Grace,
Ye to reſtor in haiſt to rychtwyſnace:
Sen gud Wallace may ſuccour ye no mar,
Ye loſs off hym encreſſyt mekill cayr.
Now off hys men in Glaſkow ſtill at lay,
Quhat ſorow raiſs quhen yai hym myſt away.
Ye cruell payn, ye wofull compleynyng,
Yaroff to tell it war our hewy thing;
I will lat be, and ſpek off it na mar,
Litill rahers is our mekill off cayr,
And pryncipally quhar redemptioun is nayn,
It helpis nocht to tell yar petouſs mayn;
Ye deid yaroff is ſtill in remembrance,
I will lak ſlaik off ſorow ye ballance.
Bot Longaweill to Lowchmaban couth paſs,
And yar he hecht, quhar gud Prynce Edwarde was,
Out off Scotland he ſuld paſs neuir mor,
Loſs off Wallace ſocht till hys hart ſo ſor.
Ye realm off France he wowit he ſuld neuir ſe,
Bot wenge Wallace or yarfor ellis to de.
Yar he remaynd quhill cummyn off ye King,
With Bruce in wer yis gud Knycht furth can ryng;
Remembrance ſyn was in ye Bruce's buk,
Secund he was quhen yai Santt Jhonſtoun tuk,
Folowed ye King at wynnyng off ye toun,
Ye Bruce yarfor gaiff hym full gret gardoun

All Chartrys land ye gud King till hym gaiff,
Chartrys ſen ſyne off hys kyn is ye laiff.
Quharto ſuld I in yat ſtory wend,
Bot off my buk to mak a fynaill end?
Robert ye Bruce com hame on ye ferd day
In Scotland, eftyr Wallace was had away,
Till Lowchmaban, quhar yat he fand Edwart,
Quharoff he was gretly reioſſyt in hart;
Bot fra he wyſt Wallace away was led,
So mekill bayll within hys breyſt yar bred,
Ner out off wyt he werthit for to weid.
Edwarde full ſone yan till hys broyir zeid.
A ſodane chance yis was in wo fra weill,
Gud Edwarde ſaid, yis helpis nocht a deill,
Lat murnyng be, it may mak na rameid,
Ze haiff hym tynt, ze ſuld rawenge hys deid;
Bot for your cauſs he tuk ye war on hand,
In your defens, and thryſs has fred Scotland,
Ye quhilk was tynt fra us and all our kyn,
War nocht Wallace, we neuir had entryt in.
Merour he was off lauta and manheid,
In wer ye beſt yat euyr power ſall leid.
Had he likyt for till haiff tane zour croun,
Wald nane hym let yat was in yis regioun.
Had nocht beyne he, ze ſuld had na entreſs
Into yis realm, for treſoun and falſnes
Yat ſall ye ſe; ye traytour yat hym ſauld,
Fra zow he thinkis Dimbertane for till hauld;
Sum comfort tak, and lat ſlaik off yis ſorow.
Ye King chargyt Edwarde apon ye morow,

Radreſs to tak off wrang yat wrocht hym was,
Till Dawſwintoun he ordand hym to paſs,
And men off armys, gyff yai fand Cumyn yar,
Put hym to ded, for na deid yai ſuld ſpar.
Yai fand hym nocht. Ye King hymſelff hym ſlew
Intill Dumfreſs, quhar witnes was inew.
Yat hapnys wrang our gret haiſt in a King,
Till wyrk be law it may ſcaith mekill thing.
Me neds heroff na furthyr for to ſchaw,
Quhow yat was done it was knawin to zow aw.
Bot zong Douglace fyrſt to ye King can pas,
In all hys wer bath wycht and worthy was;
Nor how ye King has tane on hym ye croun,
Off all yat her I mak bot ſchort mentioun;
Nor how Lord Soullis gaiff Berweik toun away,
How eftyr ſyn ſone tynt was Galloway;
How Jhon off Lorn agayn hys rycht King raiſs,
On ayir ſyd how Bruce had mony fais;
How bauld Breichin contrar hys King coud ryd,
Rycht few was yan in wer with hym to byd;
Nor how ye north was gyffyn fra ye gud King,
Quhilk maid hym lang in paynfull wer to ryng.
Ay trew till hym was Jamys ye gud Douglace,
For Bruce rycht baid weill in mony place,
Undyr ye King he was ye beſt Chyftayne,
Bot Wallace raiſs as Chyftane hym allane,
Yarfor till hym is no compariſoun,
As off a man, ſauff reuerence off ye croun.
Bot ſa mony off Douglace has beyn
Gud off a kyn, was neuir in Scotland ſeyn.

Comperiſoun yat can I nocht weill declar,
Off Bruce buk as now I ſpek no mar,
Maiſter Barbour quhilk was a worthi clerk,
He ſaid ye Bruce amang hys oyir werk.
In yis mater prolixit I am almaiſt,
To my purpoſs breiffly I will me haiſt;
How gud Wallace was ſet amang hys fayis,
To London with hym Clyffurd and Wallang gais,
Quhar King Edwarde was rycht fayn off yat fang,
Yai hym ſtad intill a preſoune ſtrang.
Off Wallace end myſelff wald leiff for dreds,
To ſay ye werſt, bot rychtwyſnes me leds.
We fynd hys lyff aw ſwa werray trew,
Hys fatell hour I will nocht fenzie now.
Menteth was fals, and yat was our weill knawin,
Feill off yat kyn in Scotland yan was ſawyn,
Chargyt to byd undyr ye gret jugement,
At King Robert actyt in hys parlement.
Yaroff I mak na langar contenuans,
Bot Wallace end in warld was diſpleſans;
Yarfor I ceſs, and putts it nocht in rym.
Scotland may thank ye blyſſyt happy tym
At he was born be prynſuall poynts twa,
Yis is ye fyrſt, or yat we foryir ga.
Scotland he fred, and brocht it off thrillage,
And now in Hewyn he has hys heretage.
As it prowyt be gud experians,
Wyſs clerkyſs zeit it kepeys in remembrans,
How yat a Monk off Bery Abbay yan,
Into yat tym a rycht religiouſs man;

A zong Monk als with hym in ordour ſtud,
Quhilk knew hys lyff was clene, perfyt and gud.
Yis fadyr Monk was weſyd with ſeknace,
Out off ye warld as he ſuld paſs on cace.
Hys brodyr ſaw ye ſpreit likly to paſs,
A band off hym rycht ernyſtly he coud aſs,
To cum agayn, and ſchaw hym off ye meid,
At he ſuld haiff at God for hys gud deid.
He grantyt hym, at hys prayer to preiff,
To cum agayn, gyff God wald geiff hym leiff.
Ye ſpreit changyt out off yis warldly payn,
In yat ſamyn hour cum to ye Monk agayn.
Sic thing has beyn, and is be woice and ſycht,
Quhar he apperyt, yar ſchawit ſa mekill lycht;
Lyk till Lawntrins at illumynyt ſo cler,
At warldly lycht yarto mycht be na peyr.
A woice ſaid yus, God has me grantyt Grace
Yat I ſall kep my promeſs in yis place
Ye Monk was blyth off yis cler fygour fayr,
Bot a fyr-brand in hys for-heid he bayr,
As yat hym thocht myſlikit all ye laive.
Quhar art yow, ſpreit? anſuer, ſa God me ſaive,
In purgatory. How lang ſall ze be yair?
Bot halff ane hour to com and litill mair.
Purgatory is, I do yow weill to wytt,
In ony place quhar God will it admitt.
Ane hour off ſpace I was demed yar to be,
And yat paſſis, ſuppoſs I ſpek with ye.
Quhy has zow yat and all ye laiff ſa haill,
For off ſcience I thocht me maiſt awaill?

Quha prydis yarin, yat laubour is in waiſt,
For ſcience cummys bot off ye Haly Gaiſt;
Eftir yin hour, quhar is yi paſſage ewyn?
Quhen tym cummys, he ſaid, to leſtand Hewyn.
Quhat tym is yat, I pray ze now declar.
Twa ar on lyff mon be befor me yar.
Quhilk twa ar yai? Ye werete yow may ken.
Ye fyrſt has beyn a gret ſlaar off men.
Now yai hym kep to martyr in Londoun toun
On Wednyſſday, befor King and commoun;
Is nayn on lyff at has ſa mony ſlayn:
Brodyr, he ſaid, yat taill is bot in wayn,
For ſlauchtyr is to God abominabill.
Yan ſaid ye ſpreit, forſuth yis is no fabill,
He is Wallace, Defendour off Scotland,
For rychtwyſs wer yat he tuk apon hand.
Yar rychtwyſnes is lowit our ye laive,
Yarfor in Hewyn he ſall yat honour haive.
Syne a pure preyſt is mekill to commend,
He tuk in thank quhat thing yat God hym ſend,
For dayly meſs, and heryng confeſſioun,
Hewyn he ſall haiff to leſtand weryſoun.
I am ye thrid grantyt throw Godds Grace.
Brodyr, he ſaid, tell I yis in our place,
Yai will but deym, I oyir dreym or raive.
Yan ſaid ye ſpreit, yis witnyſs yow ſall haive,
Zour bellys ſall ryng, for ocht at ze do may,
Quhen yai hym ſla, halff an hour off yat day.
And ſo yai did, ye Monk wyſt quhat yaim alyt,
Throuch braid Bretane ye woice yaroff was ſcalyt.

Ye

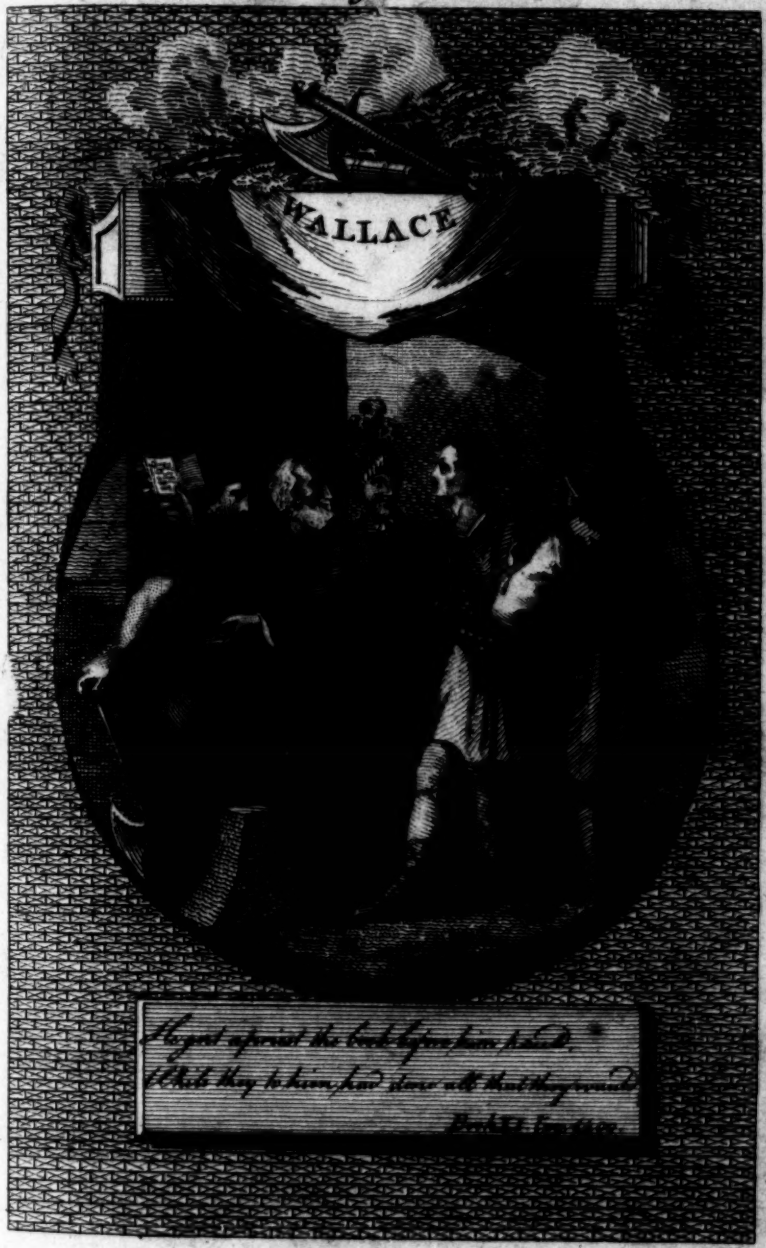
Ye ſpreit tuk leyff at Goddis will to be.
Off Wallace end to her it is pete;
And I wald nocht put men in gret dolour,
Bot lychtly paſs atour hys fatell hour.
On Wednyſday ye fals Sothroune furth brocht,
Till martyr hym as yai befor had wrocht.
Rycht ſuth it is, a martyr Wallace was,
Als Oſſwald, Edmunt, Edward, and Thomas;
Off men in armes led hym a full gret rout.
With a bauld ſpreit gud Wallace blent about,
A preyſt he aſkyt, for God yat deit on tre.
King Edwarde yan cummandyt hys clerge,
And ſaid, I charge, on payn off loſs off lyff,
Nane be ſa bald zon tyrand for to ſchryff;
He has rong lang in contrar my hienace.
A blyſt Byſchop ſone preſent in yat place,
Off Canterbery he yan was rychtwyſs Lord,
Agayn ye King he maid yis rycht record,
And, myſelff ſall her hys confeſſioun,
Gyff I haiff mycht in contrar off yi croun;
And yow throw force will ſtop me off yis thing,
I wow to God, quhilk is my rychtwyſs King,
Yat all Ingland I ſall entyrdyt,
And mak it knawn zow ar ane herretyk.
Ye ſacrement off kyrk I ſall hym geyff,
Syn tak yi chos, to ſterwe or lat hym leyff.
It war mar weill, in worſchip off yi croun,
To kep ſic ane in lyk in yi bandoun,
Yan all ye land and gud at yow has refyd;
Bot cowatyſs ye ay fra honour drefyd.

Yow has lyff rongyn in wrangis deid,
Yat ſall be ſeyn on ye or on yi ſeid.
Ye King gart charge yai ſuld ye Byſchop ta,
Bot ſad Lordys conſellyt to lat hym ga.
All Ingliſmen ſaid, yat hys deſyr was rycht;
To Wallace yan he rakyt in yair ſycht,
And ſadly herd hys confeſſioun till ane end.
Humbly to God hys ſpreit he yar commend,
Lawly hym ſerwyt with harty deuotioun
Apon hys kneis, and ſaid ane oryſoun.
Hys leyff he tuk, and to Weſt Monaſtyr raid.
Ye lokmen yan yai bur Wallace but baid
On till a place hys martyrdome to tak,
For till hys ded he wald na forthyr mak.
Fra ye fyrſt nycht he was tane in Scotland,
Yai kepyt hym intill yat ſamyn band.
Na thing he had at ſuld haiff doyn hym gud,
Bot Ingliſmen hym ſeruit off carnaill fud.
Hys warldly lyff deſyrd ye ſuſtenance,
Yocht he it gat in contrar off pleſance.
Yai threty dayis hys band yai durſt nocht ſlaik,
Quhill he was boundyn on a ſkamyll off ayk,
With yrn chenzeis yat was bath ſtark and keyn.
A clerk yai ſet to her quhat he wald meyn.
Zow Scott, he ſaid, yat gret wrang has don,
Yi fatell hour, zow ſeis, approchis ſon,
Yow ſuld in mynd remembyr yi myſdeid,
At clerkis may, quhen yai yair pſalmis reid
For Cryſtin ſaullis, yat makis yaim to pray,
In yair nowmyr yow may be ane off yai;

For now yow ſeis on fors yow mon deceſs.
Yan Wallace ſaid, for all yi roid raherſs,
Yow has na charge, ſuppoſs at I did myſs,
Zon blyſt Byſchop has hecht I ſall haiff blyſs;
And trew I weill, yat God ſall it admyt,
Yi febyll words ſall nocht my conſcience ſmit.
Comfort I haiff off way yat I ſuld gang,
Maiſt payn I byd her our lang.
Yan ſaid yis clerk, our King offt ſend ye till,
Yow mycht haiff had all Scotland at yi will,
To hald off hym, and ceſſyt off yi ſtryff,
So as a Lord rongyn furth all yi lyff.
Yan Wallace ſaid, yow ſpekis off mychty thing,
Had I leſtyt, and gottyn my rychtwyſs King,
Fra worthi Bruce had reſawit hys croun,
I thocht haiff maid Ingland hys bandoun;
So uttraly it ſuld beyn at hys will,
Quhat pleſſyt hym, to ſauff yi King or ſpill.
Weill, ſaid yis clerk, yan zow rapents nocht,
Off wykkydneſs yow has a felloune thocht;
Is nayn in warld yat has ſa many ſlane,
Yarfor till aſk, me think yow ſuld be bane,
Grace off our King, and ſyn at hys barnage.
Yan Wallace ſmyld a litill at hys langage.
I grant, he ſaid, part Ingliſmen I ſlew
In my quarrel, me thocht nocht halff enew.
I mowyt na wer bot to wyn our awin,
To God and man ye rycht full weill is knawin.
Yi fruſtyr words dois nocht bot taris me,
I ye cummaund on Godds halff lat me be.

A Schyrreff gart yis clerks ſone fra hym paſs,
Rycht as yai durſt yai grant quhat he wald aſs.
A Pſaltyr buk Wallace had on hym euir,
Fra hys child-heid fra it wald nocht diſſeuyr;
Bettyr he trowit in wiage for to ſpeid,
Bot yan he was diſpulzeid off hys weid.
Yis grace he aſt at Lord Clyffurd yat Knycht,
To lat hym haiff hys Pſaltyr buk in ſycht;
He gert a preyſt it oppyn befor hym hauld,
Quhill yai till hym had done all at yai wauld.
Stedfaſt he red, for ocht yai did hym yar,
Feill Sothroune ſaid, at Wallace feld na ſayr.
Gud deuotioun ſa was hys begynnyng,
Conteynd yarwith, and fair was hys endyng,
Quhill ſpech and ſpreit all at once can fayr
To leſtand Blyſs, we trow for euirmar.
I will nocht tell how he dewydyt was
In fyffe parts, and ordand for to paſs,
Bot yus hys ſpreit be liklynes was weill.
Off Wallace lyff quha has a forthyr feill,
May ſchaw furth mar with witt and eloquence,
For I to yis haiff don my diligence.
Eftyr ye pruff got fra ye Latyn buk,
Quhilk Maiſtyr Blayr in hys tym undyrtuk,
In fayr Latyn compild it till ane end,
With yir witnes ye mar is to commend.
Byſchop Synclar yan Lord was off Dunkell,
He gat yis buk and confirmd it hymſell
For werray trew, yaroff he had na dreid,
Hymſelff had ſeyn gret part off Wallace deid.

Morison's Edition



Engraved from Original designs by Mr. Birrell.

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Hys purpoſs was for till haive ſend it to Rom,
Our Fadyr off Kyrk yaron to gyff hys dom.
Bot Maiſtyr Blayr, and als Schyr Thomas Gray,
Eftir Wallace yai leſtyt mony day.
Yir twa knew beſt off gud Schyr Wilzhams deid,
Fra ſaxteyn zer quhill nyne and twenty zeid.
Fortye and fyffe off age Wallace was cauld,
Yat tym yat he was to Sothroune ſauld.
Yocht yis mater be nocht to all pleſance,
Hys ſuthfaſt deid was worthi till awance.
All worthy men yat redys yis rurall dyt,
Blaym nocht ye buk ſet I be unperfyt.
I ſuld haive thank, ſen I nocht trawaill ſpard,
For my labour na man hecht me reward;
Na charge I had off King or oyir Lord,
Gret harm I thocht hys gud deid ſuld be ſmord.
I haiff ſaid her ner as ye proceſs gais,
And fenzied nocht for freindſchip nor for fais.
Coſts hereoff was no man bond to me,
In yis ſentence I had na will to be;
Bot in als mekill as I raherſyt nocht
Sa worthely as nobill Wallace wrocht.
Bot in a poynt, I grant, I ſaid amyſs,
Yir twa Knychts ſuld be blamyt for yis,
Ye Knycht Wallace off Cragge rychtwyſs Lord,
And Liddaill als gert me mak wrang record.
On Allyrtoun-mur ye croun he tuk a day.
To get battaill as my autor will ſay,
Yir twa gart me ſay yat ane oyir wyſs,
Till Maiſtyr Blayr we did ſum part off dyſpeſs,

Go nobill buk, fullfillyt off gud ſentens,
Suppoſs yow be baran off eloquence.
Go worthi buk, fullfillyt off ſuthfaſt deid,
Bot in langage off help yow has gret neid.
Quhen gud makars rang weill into Scotland, 1455
Gret harm was it yat nane off yaim ze fand;
Zeit yar is part yat can ze weill awance,
Now byd yi tym, and be a remembrance.
I yow beſek, off your beneuolence,
Quha will nocht low, lak nocht my eloquence. 1460
It is weill knawin I am a rural man,
For her is ſaid as gudly as I can.
My ſpreit felys na termys aſpriance,
Now beſek God, yat Gyffar is off Grace,
Maid hell and erd, and ſet ye hewyn abuff, 1465
Yat he us grant off hys der leſtand luff.

EXPLICIT VITA NOBILISSIMI DEFENSORIS SCOTIE VIDELICET WILMI WALLACE MILITIS PER ME IOANNEM RAMSAY ANNO DOMINI MILLESIME QUADRINGENTESIMO OCTUAGESIMO OCTAVO.*

* A few words torn away here in the M. S.

FINIS.

VERSES not in the manuſcript, or not in the copy tranſmitted to the Publiſhers, but which appear in the former printed Editions, and which are indeed for moſt part neceſſary for completing the ſenſe of the paſſages with which they are connected.

BOOK I.——VERSE, 383.

Sanct Martine's fiſh, ſaid, Scot, we would have.
Wallace meekly, &c.

BOOK II.——V. 165.

The flower of youth into his tender age,
By fortune, &c.

BOOK IV.——V. 642.

Then Wallace ſaid, we labour all in vain;
To ſlay commons it helpeth us right nought,
But their Chiftains, that hath them hither brought,
Might we work ſo that one of them were ſlain,
So ſore aſſay, &c.

BOOK VI.——V. 63.

Deſiring ay his manhood to prove
In courage, &c.

V. 78.

That never in warld out of his mind was brought.
Now leave thy mirth, &c.

V. 158.

The worthy Scots which cruel were and keen,
Among the Southerone, &c.

V. 835.

Wallace purpoſed that place for to aſſail.
A woman told, when the Captain was gone,
Good men of fence into that place were none.
They filled the dyke with earth and timber haill,
Undid the gate, &c.

BOOK VIII.——V. 961.

Of Saint Johnſtoun now I have remembrance,
There I have been, &c.

BOOK VIII.——V. 660.

Though he refuſed it laſtingly to bear.
The people all, &c.

V. 1518.

Richt at his will they have conſented haill,
For no kin thing, &c.

BOOK IX.——V. 177.

Unto Rochel I would ye gart them ſail,
For Ingliſhmen, &c.

V. 579.

Entered he was into Bothwel again,
Sir John Sewart that came, &c.

V. 901.

That all the lave of [illegible]
Then fray the firſt, &c.

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Good

BOOK X.——V. 795.

Good Keirly paſt, had been with Wallace long,
And done full well in many fellon throng.
This Keirly then that could with Wallace fare,
Will. Ker he hight, mine author can declare.
Keirly in Iriſh, is but Ker Little call'd,
In Carrick he had heritage of ald.
His forbear, which ay worthy was of hand,
Saint David King him brought out of Ireland;
Syne at Dummoir, where firſt Norways came in,
This Ker made great diſcomfiture of their kin,
With ſeven hundred vanquiſhed nine thouſand,
Some drown'd in Doun, ſome ſlain upon the land.
Thoſe whole lands the good King gave him until,
How Wallace paſt now further ſpeak I will.
Among merchants, &c.

BOOK XI.——V. 469.

But we thee had, we ſhall gar thy ſides ſow.
Of this I aſk, &c.

N. B. Add to the Argument of the Ninth Book.

—Takes Perth—Battle of Black Ironſide, 1298—Wallace takes Lochlevin—And Airth—Burns the Engliſh at Dunbarton—Takes Roſneith—Sir William Douglas takes Sanquhar—Wallace takes many Places—Siege of Dundee—Wallace's Perſon.

OF THE

MANUSCRIPT COPY

OF

HENRY's POEM.

THE only manuſcript known of Henry's Hiſtory of Wallace, and from which undoubtedly all the printed copies have been taken, however much in point of orthography they have deviated from it, is now in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

It was written by John Ramſay, who ſubſcribes it in the following words:

"Explicit Vita Nobiliſſimi Defenſoris Scotiæ, videlicet, Willielmi Wallace Militis, per me Johannem Ramſay, Anno Domini Milleſimo Quadringenteſimo Octuageſimo Octavo." Some words which he had added are tore away.

"The Life ends of the moſt Noble Defender of Scotland, viz. of William Wallace, Knight. By me John Ramſay, in the year of our Lord, 1488."

This is not written in the ordinary form of a notorial atteſtation. The writer probably had ſome other profeſſional character than that of a Notary Public.

He ſeems to have proceeded in his work in a devotional manner, for the following prayer, in Monkiſh Latin, is alſo inſerted,

"Jeſu, Salvator! ex Juſſu mihi exponere, ad finem dignum, prædictum Librum, atque benig-num."

"Grant

" Grant to me to diſplay the foreſaid book, and to bring it an honourable and gracious concluſion."

This may have been Henry's prayer; but appears rather to have been compoſed by Ramſay, and to have been uſed by him as often as one of the Books of the Poem was ended, and another was to begin.

It is impoſſible to know what liberties he may have taken with the original work. It is to be preſumed they were not very great. Henry had completed his Hiſtory of Wallace in the time of Major's infancy, viz. about the year 1446, and probably copies of it were now in the hands of many perſons.

The orthography of the manuſcript may be reckoned to be ſuch as was common in Ramſay's time. He may alſo be ſuppoſed to have taken the liberty of dividing the Poem into Books in a manner ſuitable to his own fancy or conveniency. In his manuſcript, the Poem conſiſts of eleven Books: But the diviſion might be altered for the better, as in ſome parts the narration is improperly broken, and the Books bear not a fit proportion in length to one another.

The Sections of the Books into Chapters, which have hitherto appeared in the printed copies, are not to be found in the manuſcript. But ſuch Sections in Henry's Poem, in which ſo many events are related, would tend to the relief and direction of the reader.

It is a pity that the additional words to Ramſay's ſubſcription have been torn away. It may be ſuppoſed to have been occaſioned by the injurious effect of

time. Perhaps he had made ſome mention of Henry. Or perhaps he had written more fully concerning himſelf.

It may be reckoned no improbable conjecture, that he was one of thoſe who wrote Chronicles in the Monaſteries.

From writs extant at Perth, which belonged to the Carthuſian Monaſtery there, it appears that "a religious man, Dean John Ramſay, of the Houſe of the Valley of Virtue, of the Carthuſian Order, near the Burgh of Perth," was Procurator for the ſaid Monaſtery, May 23, 1493.

The Procuratorſhip was an uſual ſtep to the dignity of Prior. Before 1498, John Ramſay ceaſes to be mentioned as Procurator. But in April, that year John, whoſe ſirname is not mentioned in any of the writs at Perth, is prior, and continues in the Prior's office till his death in 1501. He was probably the ame perſon who had been Procurator.

The tranſcriber of Henry's Book was therefore, perhaps, a Charterhouſe Monk, who near the end of his Life, roſe to be Prior of the Convent.

In the earlier part of his Life, it is not impoſſible he might have been well acquainted with Henry, and had heard him often recite his hiſtories. He might alſo have been the writer of the "Liber Carthuſianorum de Perth," which was written in the Monaſtery there, and which is ſaid to contain, with ſome additions, a Compend in twelve Books of what Fordun and Bowmaker had written.

No

No ſuſpicion however needs to ariſe of his having wiſhed to be conſidered as the Author of the Hiſtory of Wallace.

A poor blind man, as Henry was, who, if really in any degree connected with a Religious Order, was unfit by reaſon of his blindneſs for performing many of the offices of it, and who wandered through the country expecting as a mendicant his food and rayment, might ſay concerning himſelf, that "he would leave it to learned clerks to treat of the ſubtile parts of theology," that "he was not eloquent," and that "it was well known, he was a rural or ſimple man."

But the accurate writer of the manuſcript, eſpecially if he was a Carthuſian Monk, would not have ſpoken of himſelf in terms ſo humiliating.

NOTE,

Since the above was written, Mr Pinkerton has favoured the Public with his valuable Edition of Barbour's Hiſtorical Poem of the Acts of King Robert Bruce. He has cauſed it to be printed according to the orthography of a manuſcript copy in the Advocates' Library.

I find that John Ramſay was alſo the writer of this manuſcript; and that he wrote it in 1489, which was the year after he had finiſhed his copy of Henry's Poem.

The words of the ſubſcription undoubtedly are,

"Finitur

" Finitur Codicillus de Virtutibus & Actibus Bellicosis, viz. Domini Roberti Broys, quondam Scottorum Regis illustrissimi, raptim scriptus per me Johannem Ramsay, ex Jussu venerabilis & circumspecti viri, viz. Magistri Symonis Lochmalony de Ouchtermuinsye Vicarii bene digni. Anno Domini Millesimo Quadringentesimo Octuagesimo nono."

" The Book is ended of the virtues and warlike Acts, viz. of Lord Robert Bruce, formerly the illustrious King of Scots; hastily written by me John Ramsay, at the command of a venerable and circumspect man, viz. Master Simon Lochmalony, the worthy Vicar of Ouchtermuinsye. In the year of our Lord, 1489."

The lands of Lochmalony, in the Parish of Kilmeny, in the north east part of Fife, gave a surname to a family in Fife which subsisted for a considerable time.

June 27, 1466. Allan Lochmalony of that Ilk, was one of those gentlemen who settled the marches of some lands belonging to the Monastery of Dunfermling. Sir Robt. Sibbald's Hist. of Fife, p. 89.

March 31, 1517. Alexander Lochmalonie of that Ilk, was one of those persons who were appointed by the Sheriffs, to affix valuations to the lands in the County of Fife. Ibid. p. 82, 83.

Simon Lochmalony, Vicar of Moonfie, the venerable friend of Ramsay, must have been a descendant of this family.

The

The gaelic word "Ochter," or "Auchter," which ſignifies the Brae or high Ground, is prefixed to the names of many places on the north ſide of Forth.

The Pariſh Church of Moonſie, about two miles north weſt from Cupar in Fife, is ſituated on the top of a hill. In a record, March 31, 1517, it has the name of Auchter Monſey. Ibid. p. 86.

William Malvoiſin Biſhop of St Andrews, who died in 1233, gave this Church to the Monaſtery of Scotland well. The words in his Charter of Donation are "Eccleſiam Sanctæ Trinitatis de Urhithumeneſyn, hoc eſt, Moonſey." Ibid. p. 111.

In conſequence of this gift, the Friars of the monaſtery enjoyed the Rectory tithes, and employed a Vicar to officiate in the Pariſh.

An apology might be reckoned neceſſary to Mr Pinkerton. But as he reſides in England, and thereby has not the opportunity of eaſily acquiring information concerning ſuch minute particulars, he will not be diſpleaſed to ſee this illuſtration of Ramſay's ſubſcription.

CHRONOLOGY

CHRONOLOGY OF HENRY'S LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

WALLACE was about ſixteen years of age when he was put to the ſchool at Dundee. He was twenty nine years of age when he ſuffered death at London, Auguſt, 1305.

Some affirmed that he was forty five years of age, when he was ſold to the Engliſh, in 1305. But Henry ſays, however much they might be diſpleaſed, he muſt aſſert that the contrary was the truth.

1292.

Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerſlie, near Paiſley in the ſhire of Renfrew, finding himſelf oppreſſed by the Engliſh, who were then aſſuming a ſuperiority over the country, flies from his own houſe of Ellerſlie, with his eldeſt ſon Malcolm, to the Lennoz, viz. to Dunbarton-ſhire.

His lady, Margaret Crawfurd, who was daughter of Hugh Crawfurd of Loudoun in the ſhire of Air, is ſent for protection by her father to his aged uncle, of the name of Crawfurd, who was Laird of Kilſpindy, in the Braes of the Carſe of Gowrie in Perth-ſhire. She takes with her her ſon William, who was not then fully ſixteen years of age.

William is put to the ſchool at Dundee.

According

1295.

According to Henry, ſo early as this year, an Engliſhman of the name of Selby, had by ſome means or other, been appointed to the office of Conſtable, Captain or Governor, of the Port and Caſtle of Dundee. This Port being thereby acceſſible to the Engliſh, they were crowding into the interior part of the Kingdom.

William Wallace, who had been taken from ſchool, and had reſided ſome time with his mother and great uncle at Kilſpindy, is ſent on a meſſage to Dundee. The Conſtable's ſon inſults him, and is ſlain by him.

A Juſtice Air is appointed to be held at Dundee. Wallace and his mother flie from Kilſpindy firſt, to Dunipace in Stirling-ſhire, the parſon of which was a brother of Wallace's father. Afterwards to Ellerſlie.

Wallace is now fully eighteen years of age.

Before this time, Sir Malcolm Wallace and his eldeſt ſon had been killed in a ſkirmiſh on Loudoun-hill. Hugh Crawfurd of Loudoun alſo was now dead. His ſon, Sir Reginald, according to the hereditary right in the family, was acting as Sheriff of Air. Henry Peircy was Governor of the Caſtle of Air.

February, March, 1296.

Wallace reſides for ſome time with his uncle Sir Reginald Crawfurd, at Corſbie, in the ſhire of Air. Afterwards reſides at Richardtoun in the ſame ſhire, with Sir Richard Wallace of Richardtoun, his father's elder brother.

April 23, 1296.

Wallace, who had gone to fiſh in the water of Irvine,

vine, kills ſome Engliſhmen. He leaves the houſe of Sir Richard his uncle, accompanied only by a page.

April, May, June, July, 1296.

Goes to Auchincraif in Air-ſhire, where his couſin, a gentleman of the name of Wallace dwelt. This gentleman's houſe was not far from Air, and in the neighbourhood of Laglane-wood.

In one of his excurſions to the town of Air, he kills a Churl, or ſtrong Engliſhman. In another he kills Peircie's ſteward, and, being taken, is impriſoned in the Caſtle of Air.

Falls ſick in the priſon. Being thought dead, is thrown out of the Caſtle. His nurſe takes him up, and conceals him in her own houſe till his recovery.

July, 1296.

Returns to his uncle's houſe at Richardtoun. Is there joined by ſome friends. His party amounts to fifty in number. They defeat ſome Engliſh on Loudoun-hill, and remain in Clyde's-wood twenty days.

(N. B. It is to be remarked, that during the courſe of this year, war had been carried on with the Engliſh in other parts of the Kingdom. March 30, 1296, happened the ſiege of Berwick. April 5, John Baliol renounced in a formal manner the allegiance which he had ſworn to Edward. April 28, happened the ſiege of Dunbar. July 2, Baliol reſigned the Kingdom wholly into the hands of Edward. The Scotiſh Barons were obliged to come immediately in great numbers, to profeſs their ſubmiſſion to Edward.

Still

Still however the party in the weſt, headed by Wallace, were diſturbing the Engliſh in the conqueſt they had made.)

Auguſt, 1296.

Wallace is perſuaded by his uncle, Sir Reginald Crawfurd, to make a truce with Peircy for ten months. His companions then diſperſe, and he goes to reſide with his uncle at Corſbie.

In a few days he goes with fifteen men to the town of Air. Kills an Engliſh Buckler Player, who had defied him. Retreats with his men to Laglane wood. Returns to Corſbie, where he continues ſixteen days.

September, 1296.

Engages in a bloody adventure in his way to Glaſgow. Flies to Lennox Hall in Dunbartonſhire, the ſeat of Malcolm Earl of Lennox, where he is joined by ſixty men.

They take their rout northwards. Spoil the caſtle of Gargunnock in Stirling-ſhire. Reſt one night in the foreſt of Kincardine. Come to Methven wood in the neighbourhood of Perth. Wallace, with ſeven of his men, enter Perth, where they remain unknown ſome days.

(N. B. Henry in this part of his hiſtory, viz. B. 4. v. 342, obſerves that Wallace contended with the Engliſh exactly ſix years and ſeven months. That he obtained peace for Scotland. That when he left his country, probably meaning when he went to France, Scotland again was conquered.)

October, 1296.

Wallace and his ſixty men defeat ninety Engliſh near Kinclevin, in Perthſhire. They take the caſtle of Kinclevin, and remain in it ſeven days. They burn the caſtle, and retire to Shortwood ſhaw, where a bloody battle is fought.

The night after the battle, they go to Cargill wood. In the morning they return to the wood of Methven, where they remain two days.

November, 1296.

They are in Elcho park. Some days paſs in the adventure of Wallace's miſtreſs in Perth. Battle along the north ſide of the river Erne.

Wallace next morning in the houſe of a widow in the Carſe of Torwood. Next day at Dunipace. Three nights at Dundaff, the ſeat of Sir John Graham. One night in Bothwell muir.

December, 1296.

At Gillbank in the Pariſh of Leſmahagow and ſhire of Lanark, the ſeat of Auchinleck of that ilk. Is there joined by ſome friends.

December, 1296.——March, 1297.

During the winter Wallace reſides at Gillbank, ſometimes goes to Lanark; where he marries the daughter and heireſs of the deceaſed Hugh Braidfoot of Lamington.

Lochmaben caſtle is taken. Some other exploits are mentioned.

April, May, June, 1297.

Wallace dwells with his wife in Lanark. She is killed by the Engliſh after the birth of her daughter.

Many

Many exploits performed by him. His fame is ſpread abroad, and his party increaſed.

July, 1297.

The ten months truce expires. The patriots chuſe Wallace to be their chief. He aſſembles forces in Clydeſdale. Defeats Edward's army near Biggar. Is made Warden, or Governor of Scotland, at the Foreſt Church, or Selkirk.

Auguſt, &c. 1297.

Appoints ſheriffs, and holds juſtice courts. Reſtores the patriots to the poſſeſſion of their lands. The whole country is ſubject to him from Gamliſpath to Ur Water.

November, December, 1297. January, 1297—8.

Wallace reſides at Black Craigs, in the pariſh of New Cumnock and ſhire of Air. His houſhold is there eſtabliſhed.

February, 1297—8.

Makes peace with the Engliſh in the church of Ruthglen in the ſhire of Lanark. Goes again to his caſtle of Black Bog, or Black Craigs.

April, 1298.

Edward holds a council at Carliſle. A ſtratagem is there concerted for deſtroying many of the Scots barons in Edward's Barns at Air.

June 18, 1298.

Many of the Scots barons are treacherouſly put to death in the Barns at Air.

(N. B. This event is more ſuitable to the ſtate of the country in 1297. After the above date, there is no more any conſiſtency in Henry's chronology.)

REMARKABLE PERSONS

OF THE

SCOTISH PARTY.

AUCHINLECK.

NICOL de Auchinleck, Baron of Auchinleck, in the ſhire of Air, was compelled, along with many other Scotiſh barons, to ſwear fealty to Edward I, King of England, Auguſt 5, 1296.

He was married to an aunt of Wallace, ſiſter of Sir Reginald Crawfurd of Loudoun.

Wallace, who had unfortunately loſt moſt of his men in his firſt northern expedition, came to this gentleman, at his houſe of Gillbank, in the ſhire of Lanark, December, 1296. Auchinleck entertained him kindly; and he, and his ſon, who was then nineteen years of age, and many other gentlemen, declared they would join with Wallace in the deſign of recovering the liberties of Scotland.

Wallace reſided with him many months, and was particularly aſſiſted by him in putting to death Heſilrig, the Engliſh ſheriff of Lanark, and in burning the Barns at Air.

This patriotic baron, of whom Henry gives a moſt excellent character, was afterwards killed by ſome of the Engliſh at Air.

The

The family of Auchinleck of that ilk, continued till the reign of James IV. The heireſs was then married to Sir William Douglas, a younger ſon of the Earl of Angus, and anceſtor of the Douglaſſes of Glenbervie. But the King gave the eſtate of Auchinleck, which by recognition had fallen into his hands, to Thomas Boſwell, anceſtor of the Boſwells of Auchinleck.

BARCLAY.

Patrick and Walter de Barclays, ſuppoſed to be the anceſtors of the Barclays of Crawfurd-John, and Kilbierny, ſwore fealty to Edward in 1296.

One of them was the patriotic friend of Wallace, and aſſiſted more eſpecially in burning the Barns at Air, in which were contained many of the Engliſh. According to Henry, he had good reaſon to join in this act of revenge, as, among others, ſome of the Barclays had been cruelly put to death in theſe Barns or Barracks, June 18, 1298.

BISSET.

William Biſſet, anceſtor of the Biſſets of that ilk, was one of the arbitrators between the competitors for the Crown of Scotland, in 1291.

He is probably the ſame who was the friend of Wallace. "The good Biſſet," as Henry calls him, was well acquainted with the Counties of Perth and Fife, and could give uſeful direction to Wallace, when engaged in theſe Counties.

He took an active part in the ſecond ſiege of the town of Perth. He fought in the battle at Black Ironſide in Fife, which according to Henry, happened a long time poſterior to the date commonly aſſigned. But in that battle he was killed by Sir John Siward the Engliſh General, and the loyal Scots greatly lamented his death.

BLAIR.

Sir Bryce Blair, baron of Blair in Air-ſhire, was one of thoſe to whom Wallace applied for aid, after his firſt northern expedition in 1296.

He was loyal to his country, and is not in the liſt of thoſe who ſwore fealty to Edward. According to Henry, he was one of the Scotiſh barons who were put to death, by a cruel ſtratagem at Air, June 18, 1298.

He left no iſſue, it is ſaid, but was ſucceeded by his brother David, anceſtor of the Blairs of that ilk, in the County of Air.

BLAIR.

Mr John Blair, a younger ſon of Blair of that ilk, or of the family of Blair of Balthayock in Perth-ſhire, was a fellow ſtudent with Wallace in the ſchool at Dundee, in 1292.

Being intended for the church, he went to Paris to finiſh his education, and there received Prieſt's Orders. He returned to Scotland before the end of the year 1296. Wallace, who was then at Gillbank, employed him in meſſages to Sir Bryce Blair and others,

to

to engage them to join in reſiſting the uſurpations of the Engliſh.

He became the conſtant companion of Wallace, who put great confidence in him. He performed the prieſtly offices; and, like ſome other clergymen of that time, was ambitious of being conſidered as a brave warrior.

When he accompanied Wallace in his ſecond voyage to France, he acted with remarkable courage in the encounter with John of Lyn, an Engliſh pirate.

He is ſaid to have become a Monk at Dunfermling after Wallace's death, and to have changed his name from John to Arnold, perhaps becauſe under the former name he had been a ſhedder of blood.

He and Mr Thomas Gray joined in writing a Latin Hiſtory of Wallace, to which Henry often refers. But the Latin Chronicle, which bears the name of Arnold Blair's Relations, ſeems to be falſely aſcribed to Mr John Blair.

BOYD.

Sir Robert de Boyd, anceſtor of the Earls of Kilmarnock, and now alſo of the Earls of Errol, ſwore fealty to Edward in 1296. He afterwards joined Wallace, and performed many acts of valour.

He died about the year 1300, while Wallace was continuing his exertions in the behalf of his country.

BRAIDFOOT.

Hugh Braidfoot of Lamington in the ſhire of Lanark, died about the year 1295.

His

His wife alſo being dead, and Heſilrig, the Engliſh ſheriff of Lanark, having killed his only ſon, an orphan daughter remained, who was heireſs of her father's eſtate. She paid tribute to the Engliſh, that ſhe might be allowed to live in peace in her own houſe at Lanark.

This lady, who obtained the honour of being the wife of Wallace, and of tranſmitting his blood to poſterity, is particularly deſcribed by Henry. "She was humble, amiable, benign, wary, and wiſe; courteous and ſweet. Her mind was filled with noble ſentiments. Her tongue was well governed. Her countenance was healthful. She purchaſed a good name, and kept herſelf free from blame with any man."

Heſilrig ſought to marry her to his own ſon. But Wallace having ſeen her in his expeditions from Gillbank to Lanark, made to her propoſals of marriage, which were accepted.

She bore to him a daughter. But ſhortly after the birth of her child, having deceived a party of Engliſh who were purſuing after her huſband, they cruelly put her to death.

Wallace's daughter, heireſs of Lamington, was married to a gentleman of the ſurname of Schaw, from whom, ſays Henry, many goodly men have deſcended.

Afterwards ſhe, or a deſcendant of her's, who was alſo heireſs of Lamington, was married to Sir William Baillie of Hoprig in Eaſt-Lothian, anceſtor of the Baillies of Lamington.

Their

Their deſcendant, Henrietta, likewiſe heireſs of the ſame eſtate, was married to Robert Dundas of Arniſton, Preſident of the College of Juſtice.

Whoſe daughter, Elizabeth, heireſs of Lamington, and lineal repreſentative of the daughter of Wallace, was married to a brave ſea-officer, the late admiral, Sir John Lockhart Roſs, who was Member of Parliament for Lanark-ſhire.

BYRD.

B. 7. v. 250. "Inſtead of Cleland and Boyd," read "Cleland and Byrd." This reading is according to the former printed editions, and is the moſt accurate.

B. 8. v. 233. Henry ſays, "Boyd, Barclay, Byrd, and Lawder, that were wight," or brave and powerful.

Byrd, whoever he was, is repreſented by Henry as a man of valour, and a friend of Wallace. He aſſiſted in burning the Barns at Air, and afterwards in expelling the warlike biſhop of Durham, and others, out of Scotland.

It has been ſuppoſed that Byrd has been written for Bard. Fergus de Bard, and John and Robert Bards, anceſtors of families of the ſurname of Baird, ſwore fealty to Edward, in 1296.

In a charter by John Bell to John de Rollock, in, or about the year 1370, the ſeal of John Dubyrd, at the time one of the baillies of Perth, was appended.

There have been perſons in Scotland of the ſurname of Bird in latter times. But perhaps it may be inſtructed,

ſtructed, by ſuch as have better opportunity, to be only according to the vulgar pronunciation of the ſurname of Bard.

CAMPBELL.

Sir Nichol or Neil Campbell of Lochow, anceſtor of the Dukes of Argyle, ſwore fealty to Edward, July 29, 1296.

Henry calls him "the good Knight of Lochow," and ſays, he had been with Wallace at the ſchool of Dundee.

He, and Duncan, uncle of John Macdougal of Lorn, ſought Wallace's aſſiſtance againſt Macfadzan, an Iriſhman, to whom Edward, with the approbation of John of Lorn, had given their lands.

Macfadzan was in the intereſt of the Engliſh, and led an army of Iriſh, who were barbarouſly waſting the north-weſt part of Scotland. Wallace, with the Campbells and Macdougals, defeated them, and ſlew Macfadzan, who had fled with fifteen men into a cave under Criagmore. A ſtone monument, with Macfadzan's head upon the top of it, was erected, in memory of the victory, upon the hill of Craigmore.

CHARTERIS.

Sir Thomas Charteris, commonly called Thomas of Longueville, was a native of France, deſcended of an ancient family in that country, and heir of their eſtates.

When at the Court of Philip le Bel, who ſucceeded to the Crown of France in 1285, he had a diſpute with a French

a French nobleman, and killed him in the King's preſence. He made his eſcape, and the King refuſed to grant him a pardon.

During the ſpace of ſixteen years, he infeſted the ſeas as a pirate, and was denominated "the Red Reaver," becauſe of the red flags which he diſplayed from his ſhips.

According to Henry's chronology, May 1301, or 1302, Wallace, in his way to France, encountered him, and took him priſoner. The French King, at Wallace's deſire, pardoned him, and beſtowed upon him the honour of Knighthood.

Sir Thomas, however, would not remain in France, but came with Wallace to Scotland, to whom he was ever after a faithful friend, and aided him in his exploits.

When Wallace was carried a priſoner into England, Sir Thomas Charteris retired to Lochmaben, where he continued till Robert Bruce began to aſſert his right to the Crown of Scotland. He joined Bruce, and according to Henry, who refers to Barbour's Hiſtory of Bruce, was ſecond to that King, or the firſt who followed him into the water at the taking of Perth, January 8, 1312—13.

Bruce gave him lands in reward of his bravery.

Truth may be found mixed with fable in many of Henry's relations. There was a French Knight with Bruce, when Perth was taken, at the time abovementioned. The lands of Kinfauns in the neighbourhood of Perth, were long the property of a family

of

of the ſurname of Charteris, though a part of theſe lands ſometimes changed its poſſeſſors. In the Caſtle of Kinfauns is kept a two handed ſword, which is ſaid to have belonged to Thomas of Longueville. Mr Henry Adamſon, in his Muſe's Threnodie, B. 6, ſays,

" Kinfauns, which famous Longueville
Sometime did hold; whoſe ancient ſword of ſteel
Remains unto this day, and of that land
Is chiefeſt evident."

About thirty years ago, when the burying vault in the Pariſh Church of Kinfauns happened to be opened, I was ſhewed a helmet made of thick leather, or of ſome ſuch ſtuff, painted over with broad ſtripes of blue and white, which I was told, was part of the fictitious armour in which the body of Thomas of Longueville had been depoſited. Henry ſays, he was of large ſtature, and the helmet indeed was a very large one.

Some perſons of the ſurname of Charteris, Lairds of Kinfauns, and of Cuthilgourdy, were provoſts of Perth, and would make a diſtinguiſhed figure in the heroic annals of Perth, if the old writs of that city were properly diſplayed.

The eſtate of Kinfauns afterwards belonged to a family of the ſurname of Blair, the heireſs of which was married to John Lord Gray, father of the preſent lord.

But long before the time aſſigned to Thomas of Longueville, there were families of the ſurname of Charteris in Scotland. Andrew de Charteris, who ſwore fealty to Edward in 1296, is ſaid to have been anceſtor of Charteris of Amisfield.

James

CLELAND.

James Cleland of that ilk, in the County of Lanark, anceſtor of the Clelands of that ilk, and of ſome other families of the ſame ſurname, was a near couſin of Wallace.

He joined Wallace in 1296, and was with him in many of his exploits, particularly in taking priſoner Thomas of Longueville, commonly called the Red Reaver.

CLIMACE.

While Wallace was the ſecond time in France, Edward, with a great army, entered Scotland. He met with little oppoſition, and got poſſeſſion of all the caſtles and towns as far as Roſs-ſhire. Many of the loyaliſts were taken priſoners and ſent to London. Others fled, chiefly to the ſhire of Roſs, and to the Iſles.

Sir John Ramſay of Auchterhouſe, and Ruthven of that ilk, fled to the houſe of their couſin the Lord of Fyllorth in Aberdeen-ſhire. He went with them immediately through the Murray Lands.

"So," ſays Henry, "they found a gentle and worthy Knight called Climace, who always had been ſteady, and maintained himſelf well among his enemies. His purpoſe ever was to make no peace with Edward, and he had ſlain many of the invaders.

"This Knight led Ramſay, Ruthven, and others in Roſs-ſhire. They built a ſtrong caſtle at Stockfoord, which gave them the command of that country, and the opportunity of doing much hurt to the Engliſh."

Ruthven afterwards took refuge for ſome time in Birnam wood.

After Wallace had returned from France, and was gathering a party near Perth, "the Knight Climes of Roſs, or from Roſs, and the barons who were with him, came into the Murray Lands with their good chevalry. The good Knight took the houſe of Nairn, and ſlew the Captain and Garriſon. From thence they paſſed into Buchan."

William Earl of Roſs was at this time a priſoner in England. Climace was perhaps his ſon or brother.

In the reign of Robert II, the lands and barony of Philorth, became the property of Sir Alexander Frazer, anceſtor of the Lords of Salton, by his marriage with Johanna, ſecond daughter and co-heireſs of the Earl of Roſs.

CRAWFURD.

Margaret Crawfurd, Lady Wallace of Ellerſlie, daughter of Hugh Crawfurd of Loudoun, wife of Sir Malcolm, and mother of Sir William Wallace of Ellerſlie.

"She was fair," Henry ſays, "and of good fame and renown."

She ſeems to have been the ſecond or laſt wife of Sir Malcolm Wallace, and to have had no other child but William.

In 1292, ſhe and her ſon were ſent by her father, to the protection of her father's uncle, the old Laird of Kilſpindy, in the Carſe of Gowrie, a diſtrict of Perthſhire.

ſhire. While ſhe was there her father died, and her huſband and his eldeſt ſon Malcolm, were killed in a ſkirmiſh with the Engliſh.

In 1295, after her ſon had killed young Selby at Dundee, ſhe fled with him from Perth-ſhire. They made their eſcape in the dreſs of pilgrims, and pretended to be going to the ſhrine of St Margaret at Dunfermling, who was a Saint much regarded by the Engliſh.

She reſided about three years at Ellerſlie near Paiſley, under the protection of her brother Sir Reginald. At laſt, he being dead, and her ſon's enemies giving her much trouble, ſhe fled from that place, in 1298, and diſguiſed as a pilgrim fought a ſanctuary at Dunfermling. There in the month of December ſhe ſickened and died. Wallace could not go at that time to Dunfermling, but ſent Jop his herald, and Mr John Blair as a clergyman to take care of her interment. They buried her at Dunfermling in a very coſtly and honourable manner.

CRAWFURD.

Hugh Crawfurd of Loudoun in the ſhire of Air, father of Lady Wallace of Ellerſlie. Henry calls him Rannald or Reginald. Other authorities give him the name of Hugh.

CRAWFURD.

Sir Reginald Crawfurd of Loudoun, ſucceeded Hugh his father, about the year 1295. He was heritable ſhe-

riff of the County of Air, and is ſaid not only to have had the eſtates of Loudoun, Corſbie, &c. in that County, but alſo the eſtate of Auchinames in the ſhire of Renfrew.

He ſwore fealty to Edward, Auguſt 5, 1296. Henry gives him a moſt excellent character. He was wiſe, of an amiable diſpoſition, took an affectionate concern in the affairs of his nephew, and was an affectionate brother to lady Wallace.

According to Henry, he was treacherouſly murdered at Air, June 18, 1298.

His ſons were, 1, Sir Reginald his ſucceſſor, who loſt his life in the ſervice of his country, in 1303; and whoſe daughter, an heireſs, was married to Sir Duncan Campbell, anceſtor of the Campbells, Earls of Loudoun.

2. William.

3. John, anceſtor of the family of Crawfurd of Crawfurd-land.

4. Adam

CRAWFURD.

William Crawfurd, ſecond ſon of Sir Reginald, and couſin of Wallace, was compelled along with his father to ſwear fealty to Edward, Auguſt 5, 1296. He was proprietor of the lands of Manwel in the ſhire of Linlithgow.

He was a faithful friend of Wallace, and accompanied him in many of his expeditions.

Wallace

Wallace made him Governor of the town and caſtle of Edinburgh. When a party was forming to drive the biſhop of Durham and others out of Scotland, William Crawfurd joined the party with three hundred men from Edinburgh, all in bright armour.

He accompanied Wallace in his firſt voyage to France, who committed to him in part the guidance of the ſhip, becauſe when reſiding at Air he had been in uſe to mak e excurſions to ſea.

He accompanied him alſo in his ſecond voyage to France, and burnt the ſails of the ſhip of John of Lyn an Engliſh pirate. He was alſo with Wallace in the battle of Black Ironſide in Fife.

He is ſuppoſed to have been anceſtor of the Crawfurds of Haining in the ſhire of Stirling, and of the Crawfurds in the ſhire of Linlithgow.

CRAWFURD.

——— Crawfurd, Laird of Kilſpindy in the Braes of the Carſe of Gowrie, Perth-ſhire, and of other lands in that neighbourhood.

According to Henry, he was uncle of Hugh Crawfurd of Loudoun, and therefore in the time of Wallace muſt have been a very aged man.

When Wallace and his mother were ſent to him, in 1292, he protected them in his caſtle at Kilſpindy, and in his houſe at Dundee; he put Wallace to the ſchool at Dundee, which ſeems at that time to have been a ſchool of conſiderable reputation.

Wallace concealed himſelf for ſome time in the Caſtle of Kilſpindy, after he had killed young Selby. But the aged baron grew uneaſy, and a Juſtice Air being to be held at Dundee, he was obliged to let Wallace and his mother go elſewhere, as he was no longer able to protect them.

In 1463, Andrew Spens was Laird of Kilſpindy. It afterwards belonged to a branch of the family of the Earls of Angus. Afterwards to the Lindſays. Afterwards to the Auſtins, of whom the laſt proprietor was Joſeph Auſtin of Kilſpindy, who in the war, 1757, was Captain of Marines on board the Monmouth, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his bravery, February 28, 1758, when the Foudrayant was taken, the capture of which ſhip was reckoned one of the moſt gallant actions performed at ſea during that war. His brother was Doctor Adam Auſtin, phyſician in Edinburgh.

Kilſpindy, famous from its having been ſo long the reſidence of Wallace, now belongs, by purchaſe, to Robertſon of Tullybelton.

CRAWFURD.

—— Crawfurd of Elcho in the ſhire of Perth, was a near couſin of Wallace, perhaps a ſon or grandſon of the old Laird of Kilſpindy.

When Wallace returned the ſecond time from France, he landed with his companions at the mouth of the river Erne, and went with them to the Caſtle of Elcho. Crawfurd and his lady concealed them for

ſome

ſome time, and were brought into much trouble on that account.

Crawfurd fought along with Wallace in the encounter with the Engliſh, which happened immediately after in Elcho Park, where he was wounded in the knee, and carried off the field in Wallace's arms.

In the reign of Robert Bruce, Elcho was the property of Alexander Lord Abernethy. David Lindſay of Gleneſk, anceſtor of the Earls of Crawfurd, and his mother Catherine Abernethy, a co-heireſs of the above Alexander, founded a nunnery about a mile north from the caſtle, on a ſpot of ground which belonged to the monaſtery of Dunfermling. Of this, which was called the nunnery of Elcho, there are ſtill ſome remains ſtanding.

Elcho now belongs to the Earl of Wemyſs, and gives the title of Lord to his eldeſt ſon.

CURRIE.

Walter de Corry, or Currie, Knight, anceſtor of the Curries of that ilk in Annandale, ſwore fealty to Edward, July 13, 1296.

Adam Currie, probably his ſon, came with a party to aſſiſt Wallace, about the time of the ſiege of the Caſtle of Sanquhar.

DICKSON.

Thomas Dickſon, a young man "bold and hardy," was a vaſſal of Sir William Douglas of Douglaſdale.

It

It was chiefly by his means that Sir William Douglas took the Caſtle of Sanquhar. Afterwards when Sir William himſelf was beſieged in that caſtle, he was ſent to procure the aſſiſtance of Wallace.

The lands of Haſelſide in Douglaſdale, in the ſhire of Lanark, were beſtowed upon him by Sir William Douglas, in reward of his many good ſervices.

The Dickſons are ſaid to be all deſcended of Richard de Keth, a ſon of the family of the Earls of Mariſchall.

DOUGLAS.

Sir William de Douglas, or of Douglaſdale, Lord Douglas, anceſtor of the noble family of Douglas, was compelled to ſwear fealty to Edward, at Edinburgh, May 10, 1296.

He was an active patriot, and on many occaſions the friend of Wallace. His Hiſtory is well known.

DUNDAS.

Sir Elys, or Helias Dundas, was probably a brother of Saer de Dundas, anceſtor of the Dundaſſes of that ilk. His ſiſter was married to Sir John Scott, who had a large inheritance in Strathern.

He came along with Sir John Scott, and a conſiderable party, to Wallace's aſſiſtance in Elcho Park.

In the third ſiege of Perth, Elys of Dundas, raſhly entered into the town. But the Earl of Fife, who was then in the town, and on the ſide of the Engliſh, would not allow him to be put to death. When the

town

town was taken, the Earl's life was ſpared by the Scotiſh party, becauſe of the kindneſs which he had ſhewed to Sir Elys Dundas.

FAWDOUN.

Fawdoun, a man of a ſingular character in Henry's Poem. "He was a man of a melancholy complexion, heavy of ſtature, ſtern in his countenance, ſorrowful, ſad, always dreadful without pleaſance."

He, with ſome others, made oath of fidelity to Wallace, in the preſence of Malcolm Earl of Lennox, September, 1296. He went with Wallace immediately after, on his firſt northern expedition.

In the battle which began in Elcho Park, and which continued along the north ſide of the river Erne, in November, 1296, Fawdoun ſtood ſtill near to the Caſtle of Dupplin, ſaying, he was ſpent with fighting, and would not move a ſtep farther. Wallace, partly ſuſpecting his fidelity, and partly provoked by his obſtinacy, ſtruck off his head.

When Wallace came that night to the old Caſtle of Gaſk, he was much troubled in his mind, and, according to Henry, ſaw the ghoſt of Fawdoun.

The old Caſtle of Gaſk was ſituated about half a a mile from the preſent houſe of Gaſk, nearer to the river. It is now ruinous, and is called by the people in the neighbourhood Wallace's Caſtle, from the tradition of the Adventures which befel him there.

Sir

FRAZER.

Sir Simon Frazer of Oliver Caſtle in the ſhire of Peebles, was a brave patriot, and acted honourably in defence of his country. Henry only mentions his being ſent priſoner to London, while Wallace was alive. Afterwards he joined Robert Bruce, and, being again taken priſoner, ſuffered death at London in 1306.

He left no male iſſue, and was ſucceeded by his brother Alexander, anceſtor of the Frazers of Lovat.

GORDON.

Sir Adam de Gordon, anceſtor of the Dukes of Gordon, ſwore fealty to Edward, July 28, 1296. He afterwards joined Wallace, who, in 1298, appointed him Governor of the Caſtle of Wigton in Galloway.

Wallace was Governor of Scotland, in name or behalf of the King, John Baliol. While John Baliol lived, Gordon eſpouſed his party in oppoſition to that of Bruce. But after that King's death, in 1314, he attached himſelf to Robert Bruce, and was at laſt killed in the ſervice of his country in the battle at Halidon Hill, July, 19, 1333.

GRAHAM.

"Sir John the Graham," ſays Henry, "Lord of Dundaff" in the ſhire of Stirling. He rather ſhould have ſaid "Sir David Graham," who was anceſtor of the Dukes of Montroſe.

He

He made no other bond with the Engliſh, than that he ſhould be allowed to live in peace, and for this, much againſt his will, he paid a tribute.

This aged baron entertained Wallace in his houſe at Dundaff, in 1296, and made his ſon John ſwear upon a ſhield that he would be always a faithful friend of Wallace.

GRAHAM.

Sir John the Graham, ſon of the above John or David. He joined Wallace in 1296, and was his faithful friend and companion in his after exploits. His heroic qualities are much celebrated.

According to Henry, he was killed in the battle at Falkirk, July 22, 1298. Wallace, "taking his dead body into his arms, and beholding his pale face, kiſſed him, and ſaid, my beſt brother that ever I had in the world. My ſincere friend in my greateſt need. In thee was wit, freedom, and hardineſs, truth, manhood, and nobleneſs."

He was buried in a Chapel at Falkirk, where, what is ſaid to be his epitaph, is yet to be ſeen. Viz,

"Mente Manuque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates,
Conditur hic Gramus, Bello interfectus ab Anglis."

"Graham is buried here, ſlain in battle by the Engliſh. He was ſtrong in mind and body, and was the faithful friend of Wallace."

Henry ſays, he was married to the eldeſt daughter of Thomas Halliday, nephew of Wallace.

Gray,

GRAY.

—— Gray, probably Sir Hugh de Gray, baron of Browfield or Broxmouth in the County of Roxburgh, anceſtor of the Lords of Gray in Perth-ſhire.

He joined Wallace in the Caſtle of the Earl of Lennox in Dunbarton-ſhire, September, 1296, and accompanied him immediately after, on his firſt northern expedition.

GRAY.

Mr Thomas Gray, parſon of Liberton in the ſhire of Lanark, or of Liberton in Mid-Lothian, joined Wallace in 1296, and acted as his chaplain.

He is ſaid to have written, along with Mr John Blair, a Latin Hiſtory of Wallace.

GUTHRY.

—— Guthry, anceſtor of the Guthries of that ilk, was employed by the loyal party to go to France, to requeſt Wallace to return to Scotland. He fought along with Wallace in the battle at Black Ironſide.

HALLIDAY.

Thomas Halliday, a celebrated patriot, was a baron of conſiderable property in the ſouth weſt part of Scotland.

He led three hundred Annandale men in bright armour againſt Edward at Biggar, in 1297. He came again with a party of men to Wallace, to aſſiſt him in reſcuing

reſcuing Sir William Douglas, who was beſieged in the Caſtle of Sanquhar in the ſhire of Dumfries.

According to Henry, he was "ſib ſiſter's ſon to Wallace."

If he was literally nephew of Wallace, Wallace's father muſt have been twice married; for Thomas Halliday, at the time when he was aſſiſting Wallace, was of ſuch age as to have four daughters married, viz, one to Sir John Graham younger of Dundaff, one to Sir John Johnſton in Eſkdale, one to a gentleman of the ſurname of Wallace, and the fourth to Rutherfurd of that ilk.

HAY.

Hugh de la Hay, according to Henry, was heir of Louthowort. He ſwore fealty to Edward in 1296. He made a truce with the Engliſh, which laſted ſome time: But about the time of the ſiege of the Caſtle of Sanquhar, he joined Wallace with fifty men.

He was engaged with Wallace in many brave actions. Was ſent priſoner to England while Wallace was alive. Was again taken priſoner in the battle at Methven, in 1306.

His father was anceſtor of the Marquiſſes of Tweedale.

JARDEN.

—— Jarden, anceſtor of the ancient family of Jarden of Applegirth in Annandale. In 1298, he joined

Wallace with a party of men which he had brought from Annandale.

JOHNSTON.

Sir John de Johnſton, anceſtor of the Marquiſſes of Annandale. Henry ſays, he was a baron of good degree in Eſkdale. Wallace appointed him Governor of the Caſtle of Lochmaben. His wife was the ſecond daughter of Thomas Halliday, nephew of Wallace.

JOP.

Jop, who is ſo often mentioned by Henry, was born at Richardtoun, in the diſtrict of Kyle in Air-ſhire. He was ſome time a purſuivant in the ſervice of King Edward, and was long in England.

Among the Engliſh, he got the name of Vot Grimſbe, becauſe he was of great ſtature, and of a grim countenance.

He attached himſelf early to Wallace, who employed him as his herald, and who found him of great uſe when invading England, becauſe of his exact knowledge of that country.

IRELAND.

Stephen of Ireland, or de Ireland, was born in Argyle-ſhire. His anceſtors probably had been from Ireland. He is much celebrated in Henry's Poem for his heroic deeds, and attachment to Wallace.

Ireland was a ſurname pretty common in Perthſhire, and there are ſtill ſome perſons who bear it.

In

In 1518, "a venerable man, Mr John Ireland, Vicar of Perth, was Dean of the Confraternity Order at Perth, an Order aſſumed in honour of the ſacred Trinity, and for the redemption of captives."

KER.

William Ker, commonly called Kerlie, or Ker Little, was anceſtor of the Kers of Kerſland. He, as well as many others, was compelled to ſwear the unlawful oath of fealty to Edward, Auguſt 5, 1296.

He joined Wallace at the Caſtle of the Earl of Lennox, September, 1296, and went with him immediately on his firſt northern expedition. He and Stephen of Ireland were the only two of Wallace's men who ſurvived the battle along the north ſide of the river Erne, November, 1296.

He was the conſtant friend and companion of Wallace on all occaſions, and is ſometimes called his ſteward. In 1305, when Wallace was taken priſoner at Robraſtoun, a ſolitary village near Glaſgow, William Ker only was with him. They were found both aſleep, and Ker was killed in the ſkuffle.

Henry ſays, that William Ker had large inheritance in the diſtrict of Carrick in Air-ſhire. That his anceſtor was brought from Ireland by King David I, and defeated, with the aſſiſtance of ſeven hundred Scots, nine thouſand Norwegians who had landed at Dummoir. Some of the Norwegians were drowned in Doun, and others ſlain upon the land. King David gave him the lands of Dummoir in reward of his bravery.

It may be remarked, that Dun Hill, or as it is commonly called Norman or Northman Law, a high hill on the eſtate of Dunmure, in the north-eaſt part of Fife, and pariſh of Abdie, has on the top of it the remains of Daniſh intrenchments. The hill on the north ſide, declines all the way to the river or frith of Tay, which has Dundee at the mouth of it. The conſtant tradition is, that the Danes or Norwegians carried the ſpoil of the country to the top of this hill, where the natives could have no acceſs to them; and after having collected it there, carried it down on the other ſide to their ſhips in the river.

KIRKPATRICK.

Roger de Kirkpatrick, Baron or Lord of Torthorald in the diſtrict of Nithſdale and ſhire of Dumfries, ſwore fealty to Edward, in 1296. He afterwards joined Wallace, whoſe couſin he was by his mother, one of the Crawfurds.

He had many diſputes with the Engliſh, eſpecially during ſix months that he abode in Eſkdale wood with twenty men.

In King Robert Bruce's time, the barony of Torthorald went by an heireſs to Sir William Carlyle, anceſtor of the Scotiſh Lords of Carlyle, the repreſentative of whom is Carlyle of Lochartur.

LAUDER.

Robert Lauder, anceſtor of the Lauders of Baſs in Eaſt-Lothian, was with Wallace in many of his exploits.

ploits. On one occaſion he met Wallace at Muſſelburgh, where, Henry ſays, "Robert Lawder keeped his place well, and neither Knight, Squire, nor Lord, could perſuade him to be at peace with Edward." He afterwards keeped the Caſtle in the Iſle of Baſs.

Wallace conferred upon him the lands of Stanton, which had belonged to Sir Aymer Vallance.

It ſeems to be his tomb-ſtone, which is to be ſeen in the burying-place of the Lairds of Baſs, in the old church of North Berwick.

"Hic jacet bonus Robertus Lauder, Magnus Dominus de Congleton et le Baſs, qui obiit menſe Maii, 1311." "Here lies the good Robert Lauder, the great Laird of Congleton and Baſs, who died in the month of May, 1311." Some however read it, 1411.

The family of Lauder of Baſs, continued till the reign of Charles I. The repreſentative, ſays Niſbet, is Lauder of Beilmouth.

LENNOX.

Malcolm Earl of Lennox, one of the firſt line of the Earls of Lennox. He maintained his territory of Lennox in Dunbarton-ſhire a long time againſt the Engliſh, was the hoſpitable friend of Wallace, and gave him much countenance and aſſiſtance in his enterpriſes.

He afterwards joined Robert Bruce, and in his old age was killed in the battle at Halidon Hill, July 19, 1333.

Haldane of Gleneagles, in the ſhire of Perth, quarters the arms of the old Earls of Lennox, as deſcended

of one of the co-heireſſes of Duncan the ſeventh Earl.

LINDSAY.

Sir William Lindſay of Craigie, ſecond ſon of Alexander de Lindſay Lord of Crawfurd, joined Wallace, and aſſiſted him in his expeditions.

In the reign of David II, the heireſs of Sir John Lindſay of Craigie, married John Wallace of Richardtoun, the deſcendant of the elder brother of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerſlie. In conſequence of which marriage, the deſcendants of Wallace of Richardtoun have ever ſince taken the deſignation of Wallace of Craigie.

Wallace of Craigie, in Henry's time, was one of thoſe with whom he adviſed, when writing his Poem.

LITTLE.

Edward Little, a near relation, and faithful friend of Wallace, was engaged in many brave exploits. His mother was either a ſiſter of Wallace, or of James Cleland of that ilk.

There were perſons in Scotland of the ſurname of Little, ſo early as the reign of Malcolm IV. Edward Little might be anceſtor of the families of Liberton and Meikledale.

LUNDIE.

Richard de Lundie, Lundin, or London, was a powerful Baron in the ſhire of Fife. He brought five hundred men to Wallace's aid, in the encounter with Macfadzan

Macfadzan near Craigmore, in Perth-ſhire. On another occaſion, he and Sir John the Graham, bravely fought a party of Engliſh near to Bothwell, in the ſhire of Lanark.

Henry however has not taken notice, that Lundie, having become diſſatisfied with ſome of the Scotiſh leaders, was on the ſide of the Engliſh in the battle at Stirling Bridge, September 11, 1297.

In a charter by King William the Lion to the town of Perth, October 10, 1210; one of the witneſſes is Robert de London the King's ſon, "Roberto de Londoniis Filio Meo." This natural ſon of the King had married the heireſs of Lundin in Fife, and from her lands took his ſurname.

Richard was their lineal deſcendant. In 1679, the family of Lundie, becauſe of their deſcent, obtained liberty to bear the Royal arms of Scotland.

Afterwards, the heireſs married John Drummond Earl of Melfort, of whom, and conſequently of the Earls of Perth, the honourable James Drummond of Perth is the heir and repreſentative.

LYLE.

Sir Walter Lyle, anceſtor of the Lords of Lyle, was a ſteady and active friend of Wallace. Henry ſays, Wallace conferred on him the lands of Bridge-End-Crook. In the reign of Mary, the heireſs of the ſeventh Lord Lyle, married Sir Neil Montgomery of Lainſhaw, whoſe deſcendants were afterwards the repreſentatives of the Lords of Lyle.

Sir

MAXWELL.

Sir Herbert de Maxwell, Lord of Carlaverock in the ſhire of Dumfries, and anceſtor of the Earls of Nithſdale, ſwore fealty to Edward, in 1296.

He kept his Caſtle of Carlaverock againſt the Engliſh. When Wallace was to reſcue Sir William Douglas, who was beſieged in the Caſtle of Sanquhar, Maxwell ſent from his caſtle a party of brave men to aſſiſt him.

MORAY.

Sir Andrew Moray, Lord of Bothwell, a brave patriot, and an early aſſociate of Wallace, was the only perſon of note, on the ſide of the Scots, that was killed in the memorable battle at Stirling Bridge, September 11, 1297.

His repreſentative in the male line, is Moray of Abercairney, in the ſhire of Perth.

NEWBIGGING.

Sir Walter of Newbigging, a baron in the ſouth of Scotland, was one of the leaders of Wallace's army againſt Edward, at Biggar. He acted bravely, and in the battle, had his ſon David along with him.

RAMSAY.

Sir John Ramſay of Auchter-houſe, in the ſhire of Forfar, and heritable ſheriff there, ſwore fealty to Edward in 1296.

He

He ſuffered much from the Engliſh. He came to Wallace with ſixty men, and was engaged with him in many enterpriſes. Wallace made him Governor of Perth.

Henry enlarges in giving a character of his ſon. "His ſon Alexander," ſays he, "was called the Flower of Courtlineſs. He made a great figure in the time of Bruce. In war, he was one of the braveſt of men, and in time of peace, gave himſelf to Courtlineſs; ſo that any gentleman who had not been in the company of Alexander Ramſay, was not reckoned polite. He took the Caſtle of Roxburgh from the Engliſh, and held it till he was treacherouſly put to death. He was a lover of freedom and truth, and there never had been a more worthy gentleman in Scotland than he was."

Fordun, ſpeaking of this Alexander Ramſay, ſays, "he was called the Flower of Chevalry," and that the young nobles thought they could have no character for bravery and military ſkill, unleſs they had been with him in his excurſions. He ſuffered a cruel death in 1342.

Henry ſays, he was the ſon of Sir John Ramſay of Auchter-houſe, and Fordun ſays nothing in contradiction.

In the reign of Robert II, the heireſs of this family, married Patrick Ogilvy, anceſtor of the Earls of Airlie, who thereby was denominated of Auchter-houſe.

In the reign of James III, the heireſs of Ogilvy of Auchter-houſe, married James Stewart Earl of Buchan, who

who upon that account, acquired the additional title of Lord Auchter-houſe.

In the reign of James VI, the heireſs of Buchan and Auchter-houſe, married James Erſkine, ſecond ſon of the Earl of Mar, and anceſtor of the Erſkines, Earls of Buchan.

RANDULPH.

Sir Thomas Randulph, Earl of Murray, Lord of the Valley of Annan, and of the Iſle of Man, was ſon of Thomas Ranulph of Strathdon, by Iſabel Bruce, ſiſter of King Robert Bruce.

He obtained his titles from the King his uncle, in reward of his ſingular good ſervices.

Henry only ſpeaks of him as a patriot, who, along with ſome others, was ſent priſoner to London. The time when he made the greateſt figure, was during the wars of Robert Bruce.

After that King's death, in 1329, he was made Regent of the Kingdom, and died in 1332.

In the reign of David II, the repreſentation of the Randulphs, Earls of Murray, devolved, by the marriage of the heireſs, on the Dunbars, Earls of March.

RUTHERFURD.

Sir Nichol de Rutherfurd, anceſtor of the Rutherfurds of that ilk in the ſhire of Roxburgh, ſwore fealty to Edward, in 1296.

According to Henry, his wife was a daughter of Thomas Halliday, and therefore a near relation of Wallace.

Wallace. When he firſt joined Wallace, he came along with his father-in-law, and fought againſt Edward in the battle at Biggar.

Afterwards, when Sir William Douglas was to be relieved, who was beſieged in the Caſtle of Sanquhar, and who had aſked the aſſiſtance of Wallace and his party, Henry ſays, "Good Rutherfurd, who had always been true againſt the Engliſh, and who had done them much harm while he was abiding in Ettrick wood, came to Wallace, with ſixty noble, or brave men in warlike array."

His ſon Sir Robert de Rutherfurd, Dominus de eodem, or Lord of that ilk, ſignalized himſelf in the ſervice of his country, in the time of King Robert Bruce.

In the reign of James IV, a daughter of this family having married James Stewart, anceſtor of the Earls of Traquair, was the occaſion of a part of the lands going to the family of Traquair. But her uncle Thomas, as heir male, retained the lands of Edgerſtone and others, and he and his heirs continued the deſignation of Rutherfurds of that ilk.

Andrew Rutherfurd, Earl of Teviot, and the Lords of Rutherfurd, were branches of this family.

The laſt Lord Rutherfurd, who died in 1724, and who is ſaid to have had by the patent, a right to diſpoſe of his title, if he had pleaſed even in his laſt moments, made a diſpoſition, ſome years before his death, of his eſtates and title to the family of Edgerſtone, from which he originally ſprung. They have ſince poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed the eſtates, but none of them have yet taken up the title, though others have been claiming it.

RUTHVEN.

Sir William Ruthven, Baron of Ruthven, now called Hunting-tower, two miles weſt from Perth, anceſtor of the Lords of Ruthven, and Earls of Gowrie, was compelled along with others, to ſwear allegiance to Edward, in 1296.

Henry ſays, he was a true Scots patriot. The firſt time Perth was beſieged by Wallace, Ruthven brought to his aſſiſtance thirty brave men, who had often tried their weapons againſt the enemy.

He was with Sir Chriſtopher Seton in taking Jedburgh from the Engliſh, and, with the conſent of Wallace, was left Governor there. When a powerful army was gathering, to expel the Engliſh from Scotland, Ruthven brought out of Jedburgh a numerous body of Teviotdale men.

After Wallace's firſt return from France, Ruthven, who had been lurking in Birnam wood, came to aſſiſt in the ſecond ſiege of Perth. Wallace, he, and ſome others, diſguiſed themſelves as peaſants, and got admiſſion into the town. Wallace immediately, in reward of his good ſervices, made him ſheriff of Perth, an office which continued to be hereditary in his family.

He married Marjory, daughter of the patriotic Sir John Ramſay of Auchter-houſe, and died in 1320.

Sir

SCOTT.

Sir John Scott, a Baron in Strathern, and whom Wallace calls a worthy Knight, joined Wallace after his ſecond return from France. He endured, along with Wallace, many hardſhips in the weſt Highlands, and aſſiſted in the third ſiege of Perth.

He was probably a deſcendant of the family of Scott of Balweary in Fife. And according to Henry, he was married to a ſiſter of Sir Elys Dundas.

The family of Scott of Balweary continued till the reign of Charles I. That family is now repreſented by the Scotts of Ancrum, in Roxburgh-ſhire.

SCRYMGEOUR.

Sir Alexander Scrymgeour, anceſtor of the Viſcounts of Dudhope, and of the Earl of Dundee, bore the royal ſtandard in Wallace's battles.

In a written deed, dated at Torphichen, in Weſt-Lothian, March 28, 1298, he was appointed by Wallace Conſtable of Dundee, which office continued to be hereditary in the family.

After Wallace's death, he joined the intereſt of Robert Bruce. The repreſentative of the family, is Scrymgeour of Birk-hill.

SETON.

Sir Chriſtopher Seton, anceſtor of the Earls of Winton, was a ſteady patriot, and a friend of Wallace. Many of his brave actions are recounted by Henry.

He married Lady Chriſtian Bruce, ſiſter of King Robert Bruce, and was cruelly put to death at Dumfries, by order of Edward, in 1306.

The repreſentation of the family of Winton is in Sir George Seton of Garleton.

SINCLAIR.

William Sinclair, the patriotic biſhop of Dunkeld, and the friend of Wallace, was a younger ſon of Sir William Sinclair of Roſlin; anceſtor of the Earls of Orkney.

According to Henry, who recounts many of his acts of patriotiſm, he had been elected to the ſee of Dunkeld in Wallace's time, but was kept from the poſſeſſion by the Engliſh.

SOMMERVILLE.

Sir Thomas de Sommerville of Linton and Carnwath, anceſtor of the Lords of Sommerville, ſwore fealty to Edward, May 15, 1296. He joined Wallace, July, 1297. Henry ſays, he was of great renown, and aſſiſted Wallace in defeating King Edward at Biggar.

STEWART.

Sir James the Stewart of Scotland. According to Henry, when Wallace went to France, he left Lord James Stewart Governor of Scotland in his abſence.

He was father of Walter, who married the Princeſs Marjory, daughter of King Robert Bruce, and was therefore one of the anceſtors of the royal family of Stewart.

Sir

TINTO.

Sir John of Tinto in the weſt of Scotland, was a brave patriot, and a friend of Wallace. Henry relates ſome of his exploits.

WALLACE.

Sir Richard Wallace of Richardtoun, in the ſhire of Air, was of an ancient family, ſuppoſed to be of Welch extraction. He frequently protected his nephew Wallace at his houſe, and was blind ſome years before his death, owing to wounds he had received in battle.

He died in 1298, and was ſucceeded by his eldeſt ſon Adam.

WALLACE.

Adam Wallace of Richardtoun, ſon of Sir Richard, ſwore fealty to Edward, Auguſt 5, 1296. He was then only about eighteen years of age.

He was engaged with his couſin Wallace, in many brave actions. Henry ſays of him that he was "of large ſtature, wiſe, worthy, and brave; that he was long in the wars of King Robert Bruce, who made him a Knight for his good ſervices."

Near the end of the reign of David II, John Wallace of Richardtoun, ſon or grandſon of this Adam, married the heireſs of John Lindſay of Craigie, and was thereupon afterwards deſigned of Craigie, as his deſcendants ſince have been.

The family of Wallace of Craigie, or Richardtoun, received the honour of Knight Baronet, in 1669.

WALLACE.

Richard and Simon, were younger ſons of Sir Richard Wallace of Richardtoun. Richard, in the time of Wallace, came to be of ſuch an age, as to be capable of aſſiſting him in ſome of his exploits.

WALLACE.

Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerſlie, in the ſhire of Renfrew, was a younger brother of Sir Richard Wallace of Richardtoun. He was married to Margaret Crawfurd, daughter of Hugh Crawfurd of Loudoun, and by her was father of Sir William Wallace, who on account of his bravery and loyalty, was choſen Governor of Scotland, and General of its armies, under the king, John Baliol.

Sir Malcolm probably had been married to another lady, before his marriage with Margaret Crawfurd. By his former lady, he had Malcolm, his apparent heir. Alſo two daughters, one of whom was married to the father of Thomas Halliday, and the other to the father of Edward Little.

Sir Malcolm, and his ſon Malcolm, were killed in a battle with the Engliſh on Loudoun Hill, in 1295. The right of ſucceſſion to the eſtate of Ellerſlie thereby belonged to his other ſon William. Since that time, Ellerſlie has ſometimes belonged to the family of Wallace

lace of Craigie or Richardton, and ſometimes to branches of that family.

WALLACE.

Sir William Wallace of Ellerſlie, ſon of Sir Malcolm, as before mentioned, was, according to Henry, born in or about the year 1267. He had all the qualifications neceſſary at that time to conſtitute the character of a hero. He had a paſſion for liberty, a love to his country, and had received great provocations from the Engliſh, who had killed his father, and elder brother, and others his near relations.

From being a private diſturber of the Engliſh, he became their public, and legally authoriſed opponent. The title which he bore, in 1298, was, "Willelmus Walays Miles, Cuſtos Regni Scotiæ, et Ductor Exercituum ejuſdem, nomine præclari Principis Domini Johannis, Dei Gratia, Regis Scotiæ illuſtris, de Conſenſu Communitatis ejuſdem."

"William Wallas Knight, governor of the Kingdom of Scotland, and Leader of its armies, in name of of an excellent Prince, Lord John, by the Grace of God the illuſtrious King of Scotland, and by the conſent of the Community of the ſame."

Henry ſays, that in April, 1297, the Scotiſh patriots, who were in arms at the time, made choice of Wallace for their chief. Afterwards they held a council at Braidwood three days, and appointed a ſolemn national convention to aſſemble at Selkirk, or, as he

calls it, the Foreſt Kirk, in July, 1297. In that convention, Wallace was elected "Warden of Scotland."

It is not improbable what Henry ſays, that after his ſucceſſes, the great Barons envied his ſituation, and that Robert Bruce entertained ſuſpicions of his aiming at the Crown.

Henry, in one part of his Poem, ſays, that Wallace continued in keen debate in behalf of Scotland, exactly ſix years, and ſeven months. Yet he repreſents him as almoſt conſtantly employed in valorous acts againſt the Engliſh, either at home, in England, or in France, from ſome time in 1295, till July, 1305, when he was taken priſoner, and ſent to London.

Johannes Major, and after him the accurate writer of "the Annals of Scotland," ſeem to have taken ſome pains in giving a faithful account of him.

Major, however, doubts his voyages to France. But Fordun, according to the Perth and Cupar Manuſcripts of the Scotichronicon, affirms that he went to France, where he acquired honour in fighting againſt the Engliſh there, and that in his way to France he encountered pirates, for which a reference is made to the vulgar Scots and French ſongs.

Henry repreſents him as having been the deliverer of Scotland three ſeveral times. It appears beyond all controverſy, that once at leaſt, viz, after the battle at Stirling Bridge, September 11, 1297, he was the deliverer of his country.

Wallace was tried, as a traitor againſt the King of England, in Weſtminſter Hall, Auguſt 23, 1305. He denied

denied that he was ſuch a traitor, for he never had owed any obedience to Edward. But he acknowledged all that he was charged with as having done againſt the Engliſh. He was crowned with laurel, in a way of mockery, during his trial, as other Scotiſh patriots were whom Edward put to death.

Henry ſays, he was thirty days a priſoner in London before his death. He maintained his unconquerable ſpirit to the laſt, and the Engliſhmen [illegible]-ſting manner, ſaid, that he felt no pain.

His head was fixed upon London Bridge, and his legs and arms were ſent to Scotland, his right leg to be put up at Perth, and his left at Aberdeen.

John Speed, an old Engliſh writer, ſays, "though we" (viz, we who are Engliſh), "do not call Wallace a martyr, yet muſt we think his country honoured in him, wiſhing many the like in our own." Speed's Hiſt. p. 660.

WALLACE.

—— Wallace, Parſon of Dunipace in the ſhire of Stirling, was a younger brother of Sir Richard Wallace of Richardtoun.

Henry ſays, "he had great riches." He entertained in his houſe at Dunipace, his nephew Wallace and his mother, when they were flying from Perth-ſhire, in 1295. He again entertained him, and ſupplied him liberally, after his firſt northern expedition, November, 1296. Afterwards he was put into a wet dungeon

geon in the Caſtle of Airth in Stirling-ſhire, out of which he was delivered by his nephew.

Henry relates ſome conferences in which the prieſt of Dunipace, reckoning the Scotiſh cauſe irrecoverable, adviſed Wallace to ſubmit to Edward. But the early inſtructions he had given to Wallace, rendered it impoſſible for him to follow ſuch an advice.

Fordun relates, L. 12. C. 3. that when Edward had made very liberal offers to Wallace, to induce him to ſubmit, as many others of his countrymen had done, and when ſome of Wallace's own friends were endeavouring to perſuade him to comply, Wallace, with much emotion, anſwered, "O deſolated Scotland, too credulous of fair ſpeeches, and not aware of the calamities which are coming upon you! If you were to judge as I do, you would not eaſily put your neck under a foreign yoke.

"When I was a boy, the prieſt, my uncle, carefully inculcated upon me this proverb, which I then learned, and have ever ſince kept in my mind:

"Dico tibi verum, Libertas optima Rerum:
Nunquam ſervili ſub Nexu vivito Fili."

"I tell you a truth, Liberty is the beſt of things. My ſon, never live under any ſlaviſh bond."

"Therefore I ſhortly declare, that if all others, the natives of Scotland, ſhould obey the King of England, or were to part with the Liberty which belongs to them, I and my aſſociates, who may be willing to adhere to me in this point, will ſtand for the Liberty of the

the Kingdom; and, by God's aſſiſtance, will only obey the King" (viz, John Baliol), "or his Lieutenant."

WATSON.

John Watſon, a gentleman in the ſouth-weſt part of Scotland, being well acquainted with the town and Caſtle of Lochmaben in the ſhire of Dumfries, was employed by Thomas Halliday in taking that Caſtle by ſurpriſe.

(N. B. It is obvious that many particulars, mentioned in the above Liſt, depend on the authority of Henry.)

OF THE BODILY STRENGTH ASCRIBED TO WALLACE.

HENRY, B. 9. v. 1912, gives a deſcription of Wallace's perſon. He was to appearance more than ſix foot high, and his body was otherwiſe large, and well proportioned.

All the old Scots writers takes notice of his great bodily ſtrength. Henry always keeps it in view, in whatever he relates concerning him.

There can be no doubt that he poſſeſſed this perſonal property in ſome eminent degree. It was neceſſary to the advancement of his character, and fortune, at a time, when battles were fought chiefly in the manner of ſingle combats. Without a conſiderable ſhare of it, no military man, however brave, could expect to be much feared, or honoured.

There is an anecdote, in confirmation of the uncommon degree of ſtrength aſcribed to Wallace, related by Hector Boeis. Though Boeis be in general an author not much to be credited, yet it would be hard not to believe him in an inſtance which happened near his own time, and in which, if he had ſpoken falſely, he could immediately have been detected.

The anecdote in another reſpect is curious, as it affords an example of longevity, ſimilar to that of the Iriſh Counteſs of Deſmond.

The date is the end of the year 1430. At that time King James I, returned to Perth from St Andrews, where he had been viſiting the Univerſity; and having perhaps

perhaps heard Henry, as a viſiter in his Court, recite ſome of Wallace's exploits, found his curioſity excited to viſit a noble lady of great age, who was able to inform him of many ancient matters.

She lived in the Caſtle of Kinnoul, on the oppoſite ſide of the river from Perth; and was probably the widow of one of the Lords of Erſkine, a branch of whoſe family, continued to be denominated from the Barony of Kinnoul, till about the year 1440.

It was Boeis' way to relate an event as circumſtantially, as if he himſelf had been one of the perſons preſent, and engaged in it. I ſhall therefore give the anecdote in his own manner, by tranſlating his own words.

"In conſequence of her extreme old age, ſhe had loſt her ſight: But all her other ſenſes were entire, and her body was yet firm and lively. She had ſeen William Wallace, and Robert Bruce, and frequently told particulars concerning them.

"The King, who entertained a love and veneration of great men, reſolved to viſit the old lady, that he might hear her deſcribe the manners and ſtrength of the two heroes, who were admired in his time, as they now are in ours. He therefore ſent a meſſage, acquainting her, that he was to come to her the next day.

"She received the meſſage gratefully, and gave immediate orders to her handmaids, to prepare every thing for his reception, in the beſt manner; particularly, that they ſhould diſplay her pieces of tapeſtry, ſome of which were uncommonly rich and beautiful.

And

And ſhe ſtrictly enjoined, that every thing ſhould be removed, which could give any offence to the delicate eyes of the courtiers.

" All her ſervants became buſily employed, for their work was in ſome degree unuſual, as ſhe had not of a long time been accuſtomed to receive princely viſiters.

" The next day, when told the King was approaching, ſhe went down into the hall of her caſtle, dreſſed with as much elegance and finery as her old age, and the faſhion of the time would permit; attended by a train of matrons, many of whom were her own deſcendants, of which number ſome appeared much more altered and disfigured by age, than ſhe herſelf was.

" One of her matrons having informed her that the King was entering the hall, ſhe roſe from her ſeat, and advanced to meet him, ſo eaſily and gracefully, that he doubted of her being wholly blind. At his deſire, ſhe embraced and kiſſed him.

" Her attendants aſſured him that ſhe was wholly blind, and that from long cuſtom, ſhe had acquired theſe eaſy movements.

" He took her by the hand, and ſat down, deſiring her to ſit on the ſeat next to him. And then, in a long conference, he interrogated her about ancient matters.

" He was much delighted with her converſation. Among other things, he aſked her to tell him what ſort of a man William Wallace was. What was his perſonal figure? What his courage? And with what degree of ſtrength he was endowed? He put the ſame queſtions to her concerning Robert Bruce.

" Robert,

"Robert, ſaid ſhe, was a man beautiful, and of a fine appearance. His ſtrength was ſo great, that he could eaſily have overcome any mortal man of his time. But in ſo far as he excelled other men, he was excelled by Wallace, both in ſtature, and in bodily ſtrength: For, in wreſtling, Wallace could have overthrown two ſuch men as Robert was.

"The King made ſome enquiries concerning his own immediate parents, and his other anceſtors; and having heard her relate many things, returned to Perth, well pleaſed with the viſit he had made." (Boeth. Hiſt. L. 17.)

The Lady Erſkine, as I think ſhe may be called, could not have been leſs than a hundred and thirty years of age, at the time Boeis mentions.

Mr Henry Adamſon, who wrote near the beginning of the laſt century, who was brother of Mr John Adamſon Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and nephew, or grandſon, of Patrick Adamſon Archbiſhop of St Andrews, in the Sixth Book of his "Muſe's Threnodie," deſcribes the ſituation of this Lady's Caſtle. He repreſents it as ſituated a little to the ſouthward, "on the bank of the river Tay, with ſhady woods on the high ground to the eaſt, and green meadows ſpread below."

He relates what were ſome traditionary ſtories concerning her in his time, particularly ſome things honourable to the family of Hay, who became, in his time, the noble proprietors of the eſtate of Kinnoul.

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